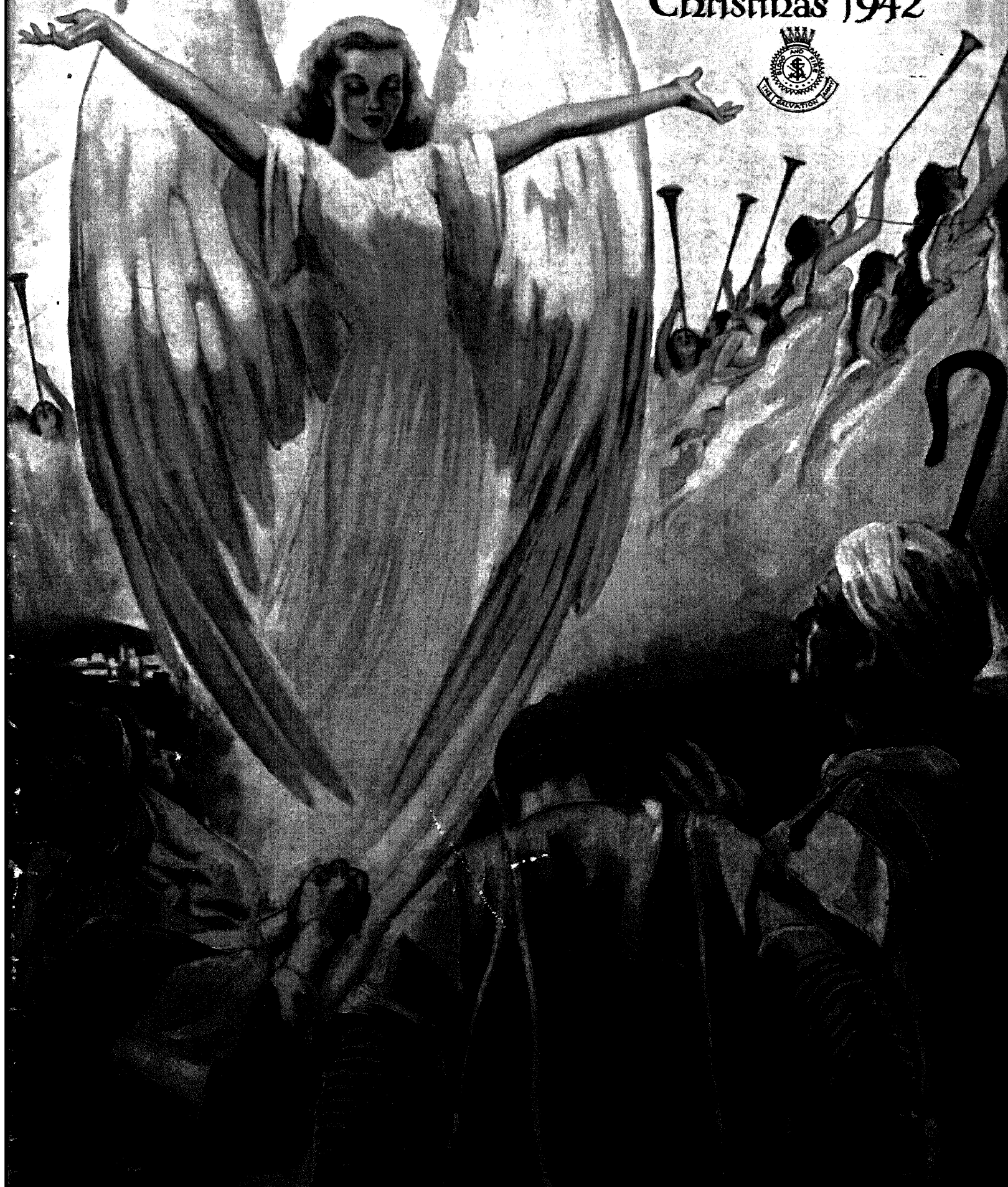


# THE WAR CRY

Christmas 1942

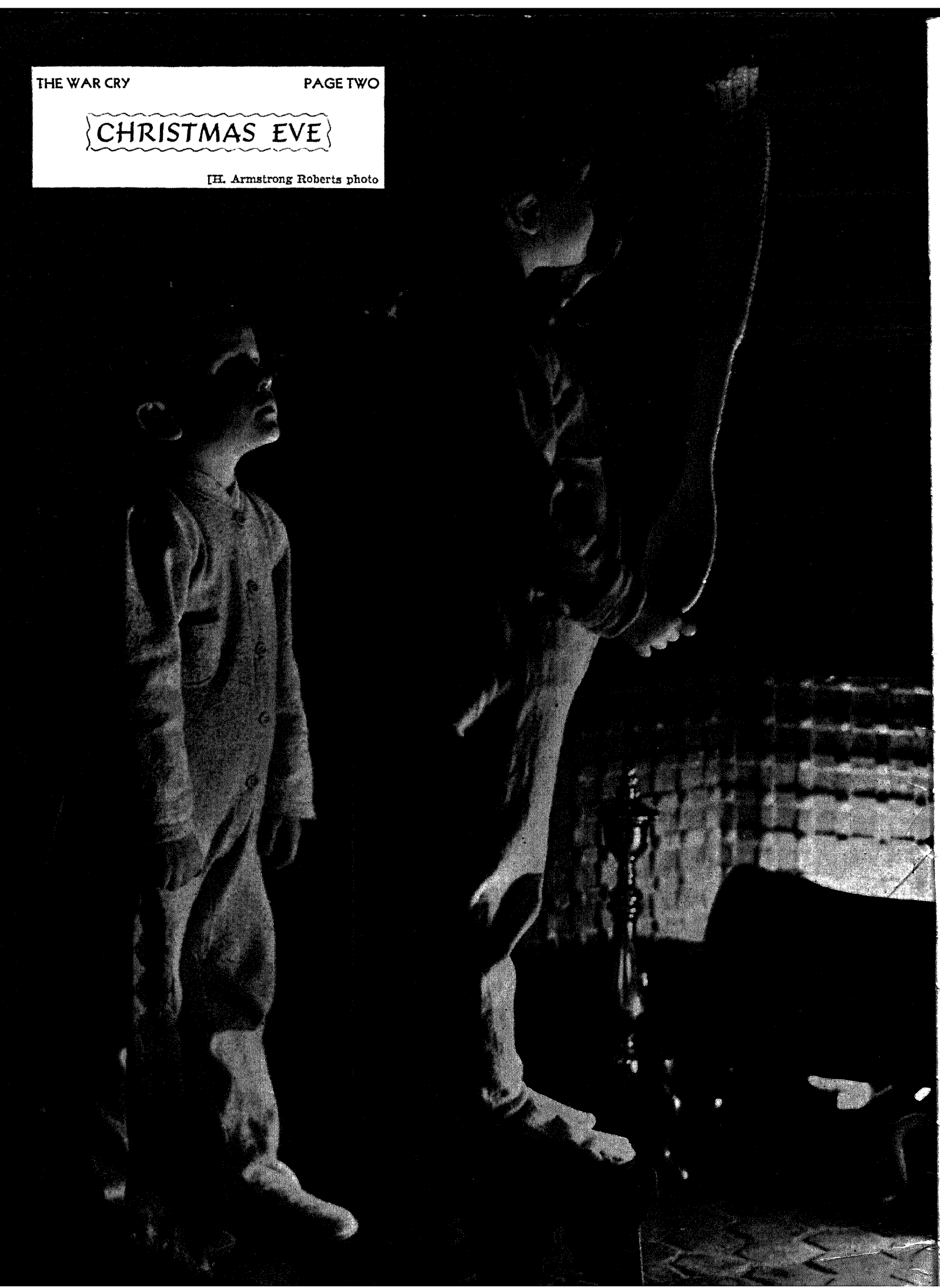


THE WAR CRY

PAGE TWO

## CHRISTMAS EVE

[H. Armstrong Roberts photo



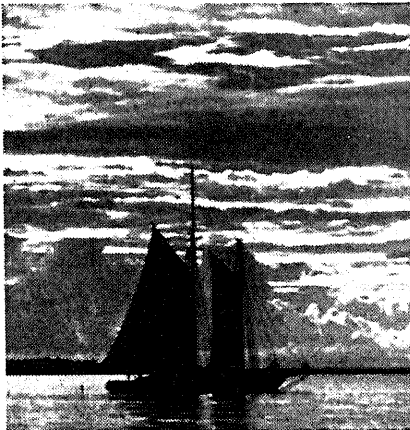
# Cometh the Dawn

OF A NEW  
AND

"Good tidings of great joy"  
Luke 2:10

**A**T other times I have found it comparatively easy to write for The War Cry on a Christmas subject, but this year it is difficult because so much of the world is involved in a war which has been waged by the British Empire for nearly three years and, judged from the human standpoint, may continue for some time. The spirit of warfare and the spirit of peace and goodwill are by no means complementary to one another.

Our short text is taken from the



the Lord, who, apparently, passing by the wise and influential residents, visited the poor watchers of sheep, and allayed their fears by saying, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for unto you is born this day in the City of

BETTER  
DAY

it is that Power that in the presence of adverse conditions and apparently insuperable obstacles, drives men on the road to the stars.

"Good tidings—great joy . . ." It is questionable if there was ever a time, unless it be in the age when Jesus was born, when these blessings appeared to be less manifest than now. And was there ever a period when the spirit of the message breathed out by the Angel in Galilee 1900 years ago is more needed in the world than to-day?



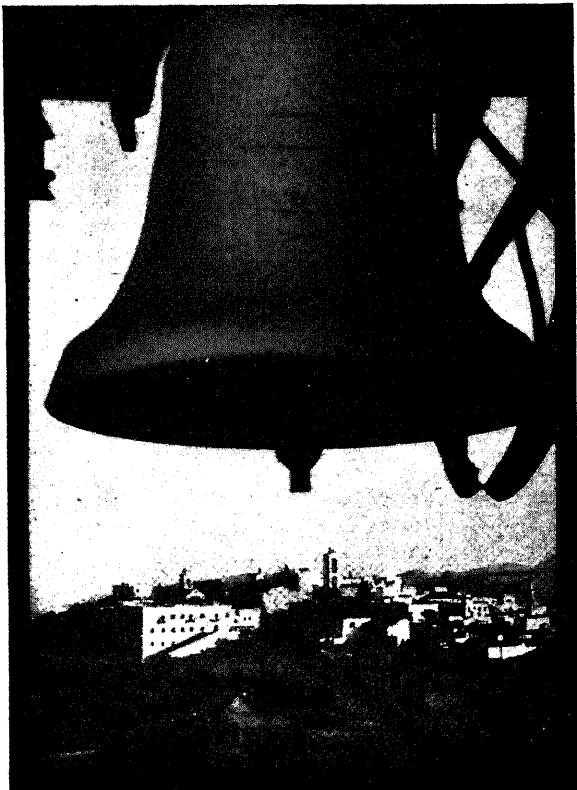
Commissioner Benjamin Orames, in charge of The Army's operations in Canada, Newfoundland, Alaska and Bermuda

**BY COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES**

story of the birth of Jesus as recorded by Luke. Here it is: A few illiterate shepherds, watching their flocks by night on the hills of Galilee were startled by an unusual vision, namely, that of an Angel of

David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

**G**OOD tidings — great joy — a Saviour who was to proclaim peace! That story must have been as unbelievable to many in those days as it is to-day. On the one hand was an innocent child in a stable and on the other the might of the Roman Empire; and does not the message of Good Tidings and Great Joy and Peace come to us afresh at an hour when mighty material forces, undreamt of in Rome's most powerful days, have been released by nations against nations? Amidst the roar of guns, bursting of bombs, explosion of mines, rattling of tanks, and the whirling propellers of gigantic aeroplanes, there seems little room for expressions of joy and peace, even though a stricken world needs nothing else so badly — and yet the Greatest Power in the world cannot be measured with standards devised by human hands—



A Bell in Bethlehem

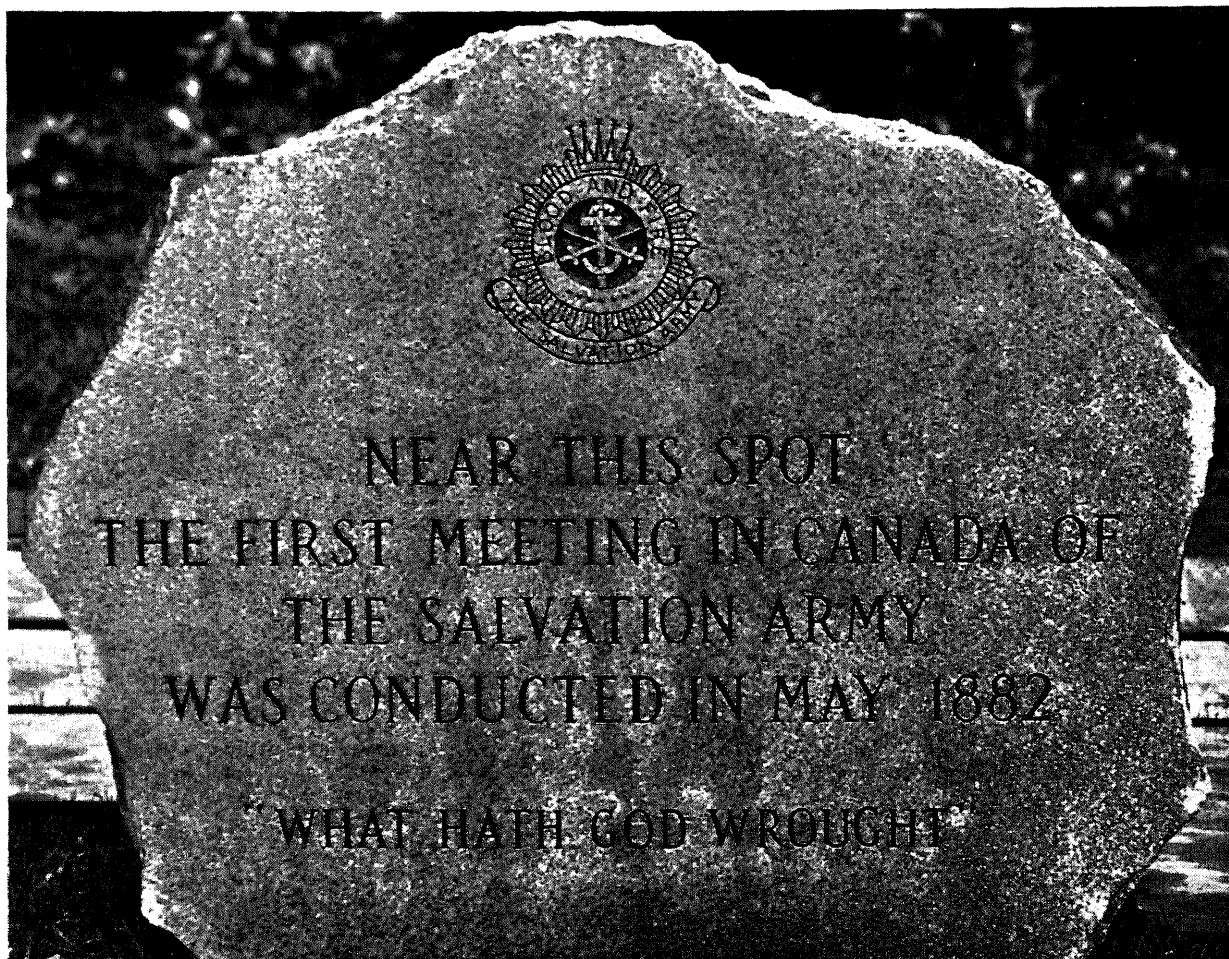
**W**ELL, men and nations have learned to be thankful for little, and it is gratifying that we can set aside one season in the year on which some spark from the spirit of Christmas can still glow protected from the gales which lash a troubled and strife-afflicted world.

Even though the writer may be classed amongst those who are as voices "crying in the wilderness," or be likened to others who hold to the flower-pot long after the fragrant plant it contained has perished, somehow, "the old, old Story of Jesus and His love" must be told and retold; for, without this one glorious fact, the world might as well settle down in the depths of hopelessness, and pray that the end of all things may come soon, and that the passing be not too perilous or painful.

**O**VER and over again the vitality of the message of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men" has manifested itself when all things around were trembling or tumbling on their foundations, but always after the darkness of the very dark—

(Continued on page 30)





THE STONE OF MEMORIAL commemorating the birth of The Salvation Army in Canada sixty years ago at London, a plain grey granite slab, unveiled in the market place of this Ontario city during memorable Diamond Jubilee celebrations last May, symbolizes the epic story of the phenomenal development of a Movement begun by two young men, and which now covers the Dominion with its beneficent activities—all within an ordinary life's span! No better inscription perhaps could have been chosen than that which the stone bears: "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT," famous code message flashed by Samuel Morse over the first electric telegraph

## PRINCIPAL CONTENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

- 5. THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN  
By General G. L. Carpenter
- 3. COMETH THE DAWN  
By Commissioner B. Orames
- 18. THE LOWLINESS OF ROYALTY  
By Henry F. Milans
- 6. BLACK PRINCE RETURNS  
By Gladstone Faraday
- 27. CHRISTMAS WITH THE TROOPS  
By Brigadier T. H. Mundy
- 20. "COME YE TO BETHLEHEM"  
By Harold J. Shepstone
- 15. YULETIDE IN INDIA  
By Major T. Burr

10. THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER  
By Muriel L. Holden

### THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

International Headquarters  
Queen Victoria Street, London.  
**William Booth, Founder**  
**George L. Carpenter, General**  
**BENJAMIN ORAMES**  
Commissioner  
Territorial Headquarters  
James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

Page

- 14. A PLAN THAT WORKED  
By Angel Lane
- 13. EARLY-DAY CHRISTMASSES  
Gleaned from old War Cry volumes
- 26. RECIPROCITY  
By Captain Arnold Brown
- 23. FUN FOR THE FAMILY
- 7. and 31. CHRISTMAS CAROLS

### Full Page Plates

- 9. HIS MOTTO WAS "OTHERS"
- 16. 17. IN GOD'S GUARDIAN CARE
- 24. BOW RIVER VALLEY
- 29. WINTER'S MANTLE





# The Tabernacle of God... is with Men

By  
the  
General

**AS** I contemplated a message for The Christmas War Cry, and thought of the rapid changes which might take place in human affairs in the time between writing and reading, there came to me, almost audibly, that mighty utterance of Revelation, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men" One does not usually turn to the Apocalypse for a Christmas meditation, and yet here is an example of the unity of the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. They speak always of making known God to men. They give ever-widening and increasingly-intimate understanding of Him. And what else does Christmas do?

THE COMING of the Babe of Bethlehem was heralded by prophecy from the angel of the Lord that "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." John the Divine saw God dwelling with men, and his inspired pen echoed the promise given to Moses in Leviticus 26:11, "I will set My tabernacle among you." So we have in the Old Testament and the New, faint foreshadowings of the Saviour's coming and triumphant acknowledgment of His glory sounding out the same great theme: God in the midst of men.

WHAT A TRUTH! We fail to grasp but a faint shadow of its significance. Far too often is it merely an expression without meaning; words without accompanying reality; merely conventional notion, having little or no effect upon the lives of those familiar with it.

Much pretty sentiment has gathered around the Christmas Story. Custom puts the shepherds very near the pudding, and angels are well mixed with imitation snow.

We can do with all harmless and entertaining conventions, particularly in these grim times, if only to preserve the children's happiness at Christmas. But we ought properly to value this sentimental shadow of reality, and to set it aside in order to contemplate the wonders of the deeply-held grand truth that God is willing to dwell amongst men.

We are sometimes tempted to live too long in this mood of the children's song:

*"I wish that His hands had been placed  
on my head;  
That His arms had been thrown  
around me."*

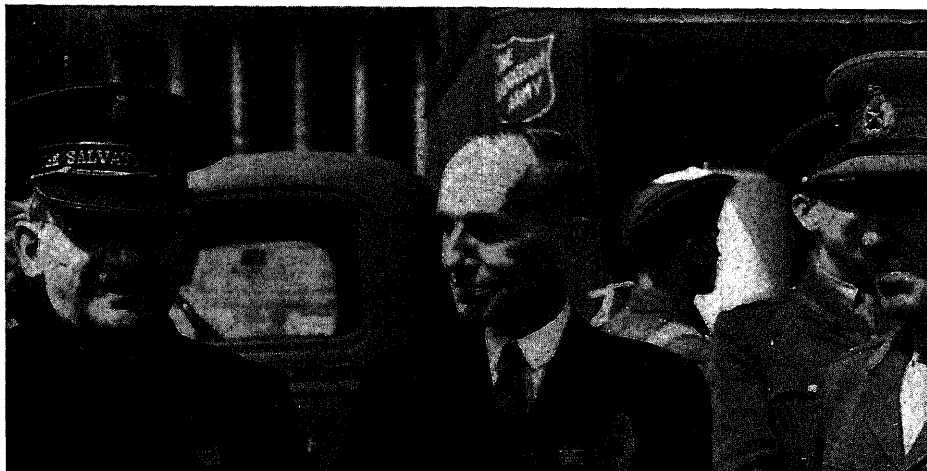
CANADA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER IN BRITAIN, Hon. Vincent Massey (centre) is shown with General George L. Carpenter, International Leader of The Salvation Army and writer of the accompanying message, and Major-General, the Hon. J. Montague, C.A.S.F., during a presentation ceremony of Mobile Canteens for Canadian troops overseas

Such thinking, if over-indulged in, is inclined to lead us to self-pity. We begin to imagine how much easier life would have been for us if we had been born in Palestine, when Jesus lived there among men. In fancy we see ourselves walking beside Galilee, transferring our burdens to the shoulders of the Master, and living in a state of perpetual ecstasy because He is close at hand. If we read our Bibles more we should be released from that fallacy. Galilee knew more storm than calm, when Jesus was there. Those lily-clothed fields were not unused to fierce fires of hatred and scorching cruelty. To follow the Carpenter of Nazareth was no summer excursion for the soul. Moreover, could we but grasp the truth, we have privileges as great as that of walking mountain paths with Jesus. The tabernacle of God is with men; in the language of to-day, "Wherever and in whatever circumstance or condition man is, God is right there." He is just as accessible, just as strong and understanding and compassionate as when in human form He comforted and strengthened the needy of Palestine.

THE NUMBER of those who have made this discovery in a new and unforgettable way has greatly increased since last Christmastide. For them the fiery ordeal has uncovered truth. Describing roads crowded with fleeing refugees, and villages under fire, wounds, death, and great fear gripping the hearts of multitudes, one of our Officers has declared that as she walked on and on, she never lost her sense of deep peace. Life had become suddenly cruel and uncertain, but she knew God was with her.

Now and again, out of the welter of words, from this generation struggling amid the broken pieces of ordered life, we hear the same testimony. It shines out like a flash-light in a storm-thrashed landscape. From the sea: "We felt Someone was with us." In the air: "There was a curious feeling of being supported in the heat of the conflict." And again: "Somehow we knew it would be all right."

These words of witness are mostly fugitive and half incredulous. They are sometimes offered with unnumbered reservations and some- (Continued on page 28)





"W AAL, I don't know as I'm much of a believer in it myself, although I must say that I've seen some curious things happen in my time." And, as

Dan'l the Trapper thus delivered himself he shook the ashes from his favorite corn-cob pipe and proceeded to load up afresh.

There was dead silence for a moment or two among the little group of listeners toasting their toes around the old-fashioned cordwood

stove, and then Mrs. Karey, most hospitable of

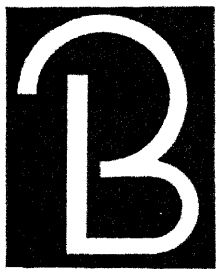
## STRANGE AS IT MAY APPEAR GOD DOES ANSWER EVEN SEEMINGLY COMMON-PLACE PRAYERS, AS MRS KAREY PROVED

of critters for food or fur, been dried up by summer suns and frozen stiff by winter winds, and come purty near to starvation more'n once, and I've sure helped myself out of a few bad spots; but I'm telling you right now that if I hadn't looked arter myself I wouldn't be here. And the Lord had nothin' to do with it neither."

As he spoke Dan'l slyly side-glanced at another member of the

lazy you'd never work any more. Don't you think so, Miss Adjutant?" turning to the Officer for some corroboration of her opinion.

It was a few moments before the discomfited Dan'l recovered from the hearty laughter of the little group. Mrs. Karey had scored, as she usually did on such occasions, and he discreetly postponed reply. The company expectantly turned to the pale-faced woman in blue.



## BLACK PRINCE RETURNS

hostesses, spoke up.

"See here now Dan'l, you've been a-going to and fro in this bush country hunting game and trapping for furs nigh on forty years and seeing all the good providences of the Lord in supplyin' your own needs and the needs of others, yet ye're too blind to see the guiding hand of the Almighty in it all."

Mrs. Karey was beginning to wax indignant, a fact that evidently pleased Dan'l. He loved to lead folk on in an argument and religion was one of his favorite topics—especially on the question now under discussion, as to whether or no prayer could be answered. He furtively winked at the long stove-pipe disappearing through the slanting roof of the plain but cosy log-cabin.

"That's so. I've chased all kinds

little group—a somewhat pale-faced young woman in the neat blue uniform of The Salvation Army, whose comely features bore a deepening look of interest as the conversation progressed.

She was a Salvationist—an Officer—whose labors among the poor of the city had made a serious drain upon her health; hence she had been persuaded to rest for a week or so at the homestead of an aunt who lived across Pine Lake. She had accompanied her relative on a visit to the Karey cabin, which accounted for her presence in the little group. She appeared about to speak, but Mrs. Karey, unable to repress her rising feelings, interrupted with what sounded like a snort of indignation. She took up the challenge afresh.

"I don't profess any too much religion myself, old-timer, but I have more sense than to think the good Lord doesn't answer prayer. Haven't I proved it scores of times, and me a poor unworthy sort of a creature?" Her eyes moistened as she spoke, for Mrs. Karey, in spite of her outspoken dislike to "professing religion," as she called it, was a woman well known in the district for largeness of heart and prodigality of kindly deeds. Her creed was ever expressed in the words of the poet:

*Deeds are better things  
than words are,  
Action mightier than  
boasting!*

"No doubt about it," she continued tartly, "the Lord wouldn't answer many prayers for some of you men, 'cause you'd get so

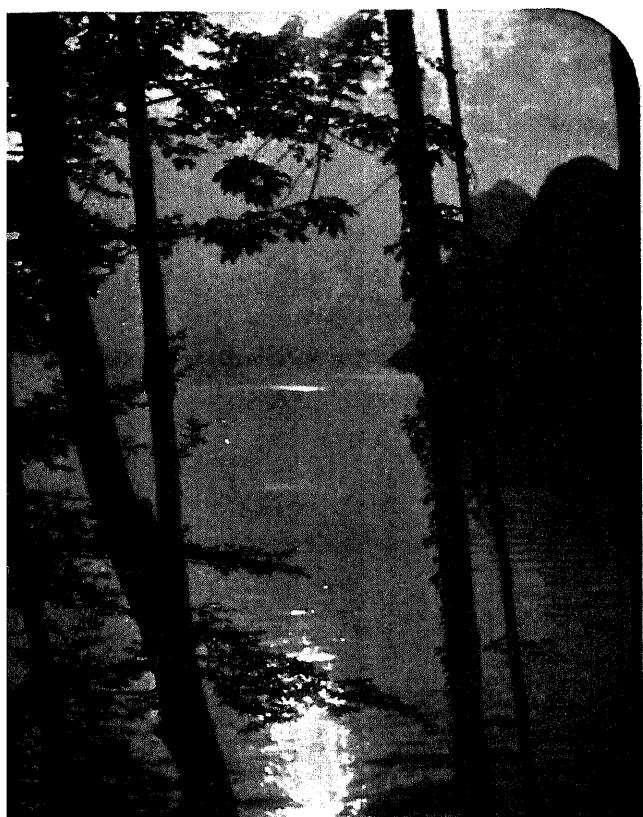
The Adjutant smiled thoughtfully. "I believe there is much truth in what Mrs. Karey has just said," she quietly replied. "No doubt but that we are required to answer many of our prayers. Still, that God does very definitely answer prayer when no other aid appears available has not only been my personal experience, but of thousands of others. Who knows how soon this may be clearly demonstrated to all of us. There are times when we appear to get along very well without prayer, but sooner or later we learn that only God can meet some needs."

After a little more conversation—the pale December afternoon sun had already dipped below the tops of the long pines casting their shadows over the cabin—and having partaken of the plain but wholesome Northland hospitality of the hostess, the visitors dispersed to their several domiciles; the Adjutant and her aunt carefully picking their way over the clear lake-ice to the opposite shore, and Dan'l the Trapper betaking himself to his bachelor shack on the outskirts of the tiny settlement.

DURING summer months, when the lake with its charming islets and forest-bordered shores presented a scene of almost unparalleled beauty, numbers of tired residents from distant cities sought sanctuary. The water then reflected vari-tinted rocky slopes and boulders in their cooling depths and fragrant spruce and silver birch, health-yielding pine and lofty poplars added to the wealth of foliage with lowly but lovely mosses, ferns and wild flowers.

Later came the fall and Indian summer when, if anything, the loveliness of the lake scenery was

By :: Gladstone :: Faraday



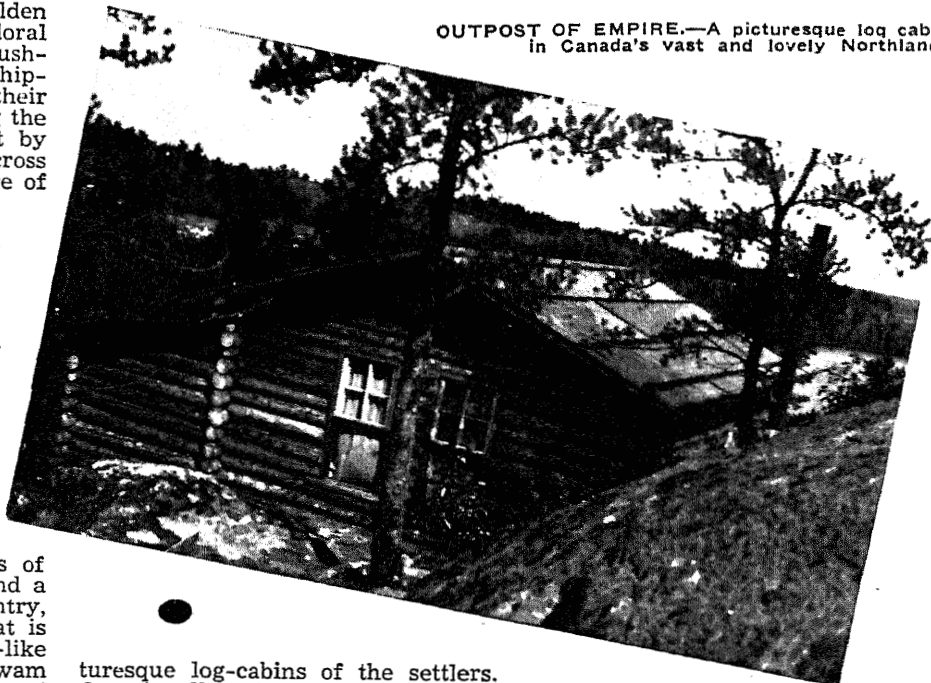
enhanced by the crimson and golden glory of Canada's glorious floral symbol, the maple. The birds hushed their singing, squirrels and chipmunks nimbly gathered in their harvest, and evening by evening the pathway of glittering gold shot by the rays of the setting sun across the placid waters made a picture of unrivalled charm and splendor. And later still when Long-fellow's autumnal lines glide into the mind:

*Leafless are trees; their purple branches,  
Spread themselves abroad,  
like reefs of coral,  
Rising silent,  
In the red sea of the winter sunset.*

NOW, as the Adjutant and her aunt made their homeward way over the icebound lake, everything was different. King Frost held sway and while his sceptre sparkled with diamonds of ever-changing tints and hues and a spotless mantle covered the country, all nature slept in unison. That is if one excepted the sentinel-like pines, the fish which yet swam under the thick green flooring of ice, and hungry moose and deer which came tamely near the pic-

turesque log-cabins of the settlers. Occasionally a bear, not yet having sought his place of hibernation would cast covetous eyes on an un-

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.—A picturesque log cabin in Canada's vast and lovely Northland



protected larder, and make a sly and sometimes profitable raid.

CHRISTMAS was but a few days distant when the Adjutant and her aunt again visited the Karey home. They found the household in an intolerable state of gloom; for had not Black Prince, most magnificent of equines, a loved horse which had long occupied an honored place in the Karey home-stead, wandered away, leaving not the slightest trace of his whereabouts. A momentary but effective thaw had dispersed the snowfall and had made his hoof-prints extremely hard to trace.

This incident had taken place some days previously, and it was feared that the animal had attempted to cross the lake, perhaps had floundered through, or perhaps had been attacked by predatory wolves or bears. The poignant grief of the Karey family might be wondered at by the casual reader, but when it is understood that the animal was the only means of hauling logs from the more valuable belt of timber some miles distant and that the Kareys would stand to lose a winter's haulage, a most serious loss, something of the strangeness of the case is removed. Apart from this, however, Black Prince was a loved four-footed friend.

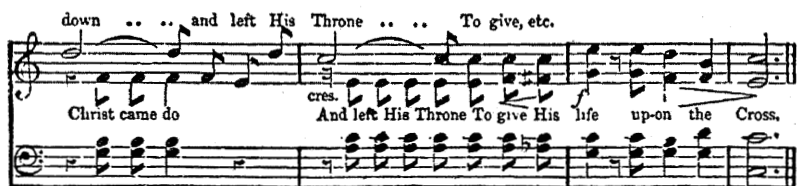
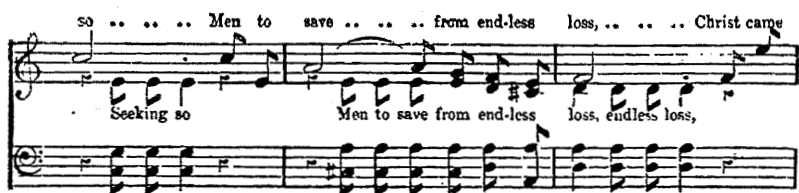
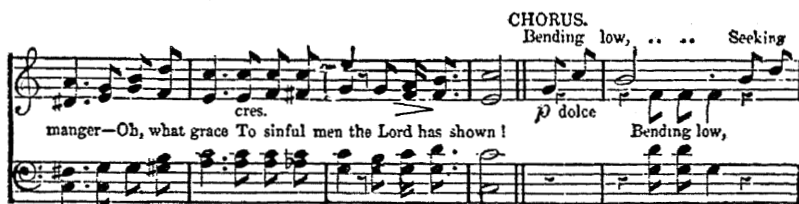
"Sure," cried Mrs. Karey, as she wiped her eyes on the corner of her broad print apron, "sure, it is ruined that we are, and with Mr. Karey being sick such a long while. And the darling was loved by everybody."

The visitors sympathized deeply. The Adjutant did not realize the gravity of the situation as much perhaps as her aunt who was familiar with the district, but her warm heart felt for the family. She remembered the horse, a beautiful

(Continued on page 30)

## BENDING LOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL R. SLATER



He had not where to lay His head, Though rich above, He chose in-  
No home on earth did He pos- stead [bless.  
sess; So poor to be that He might



# CALLED TO THE UNUSUAL

**W**HEN the Angel of the Lord brought to Mary, a girl of the hill town of Nazareth, the announcement which encompassed in its scope the first Christmas Day, his message seemed full of impossibilities. Assured that the word was from God and that with Him all things are possible, Mary responded with the transcendent words of faith, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word."

The announcement held within its fold great honor for the country maiden, but also, inconvenience, anxiety, and sorrow were there; they discovered themselves in the following years.

Mary was true to her charge. She reared her babe, guarded His growing years, in His manhood yielded Him to His great mission; in the agony of a dishonored death she stood by His Cross. After His Resurrection she was found amongst the 120 disciples who awaited the promise of the Father, and with them was baptised with the Holy Spirit for the great work of building the early Church.

We are living in days, perhaps of greater moment to civilization than any that have gone before. The world is groaning and travailing in pangs of transition from which few can escape!

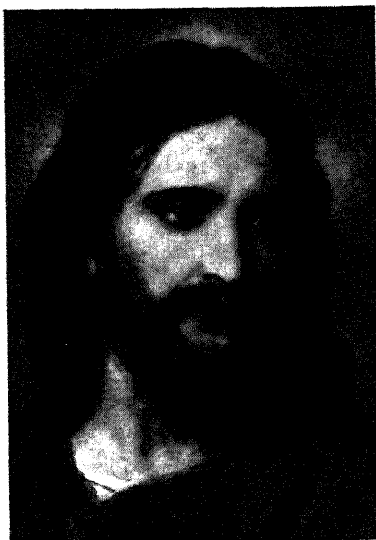
Upon the women of the nations falls a heavy brunt of discipline, of self-denial and suffering, consequent upon the world war. We each have a part to play in assuaging the common grief and in making Jesus real to the people with whom we come in contact.

How shall we play our part? Shall it be grudgingly, because we must? Or shall we rise to meet the demands of our day as did the Mother of our Lord with such quiet faith and dignity as glorified all of her life?

As I write, there come to my mind, women who responded to the call of the unusual as did the mother of Jesus.

No. 1. Two elderly maiden ladies, Retired Officers. Because of air-raids on a great city and consequent evacuation, two children from a slum area were "billeted on them." They were filthy and verminous, and suffering from a skin disease; in their manners the little girls were like wild cats. "Problem Children" in more ways than one, they were under the inspection of a psychiatric doctor. What a prospect was such an intrusion upon a peaceful, orderly home whose occupants had already seen fifty years of service for God and the people.

It took months of daily bathing,



## THE BEST WAY TO KEEP CHRISTMAS

**T**HEN let every heart keep  
Its Christmas within—  
Christ's pity for sorrow,  
Christ's hatred for sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest,  
Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's dread of the darkness,  
Christ's love of the light.  
Phillips Brooks.

of dressing of sores, of attention to head and hair, also the unwavering patience of love, before the children could be admitted to day school and The Army Juniors. In a very real sense the elderly ladies offered themselves to be "handmaids of the Lord."

Photographs taken when the children arrived at their new home and a year later show an unbelievable change. They are pictures of health, happiness and intelligence; doing well at school and delighting in the meetings at The Army Hall, and loving their dear "Aunties" who have made the Lord Jesus of Christmas

By  
Mrs. General Carpenter

dear and beautiful to them. Of them it may now be said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The doctor in writing to release the children from the list of "Problem Children" wrote that they need not come to see her any more, and they only had to do those things which their kind "Aunties" told them and they would find life grow-

ing more and more happy and beautiful.

No. 2. It was not easy for the timid Songster Ruth to leave an office and engage in factory work amongst thousands of strange men and women. But prayer at home with mother and sisters fortified her, and Ruth went forth, wearing her Army badge which from the first made her companions understand why she was so different from the crowd.

There came a day of National Prayer. What could be done in the factory? Ruth received a deputation from her work fellows, "We want you to conduct a quarter of an hour's prayer service in the yard."

Ruth gasped at such a project. She was not used to leading in a big way; was just a willing Soldier in her Corps. Unexpectedly called to the unusual, she sent up a swift prayer for guidance. Assent was given, and at the time appointed, Ruth in her smock, mounted a chair in the factory yard surrounded by many hundreds of men and women, her fellow work-mates.

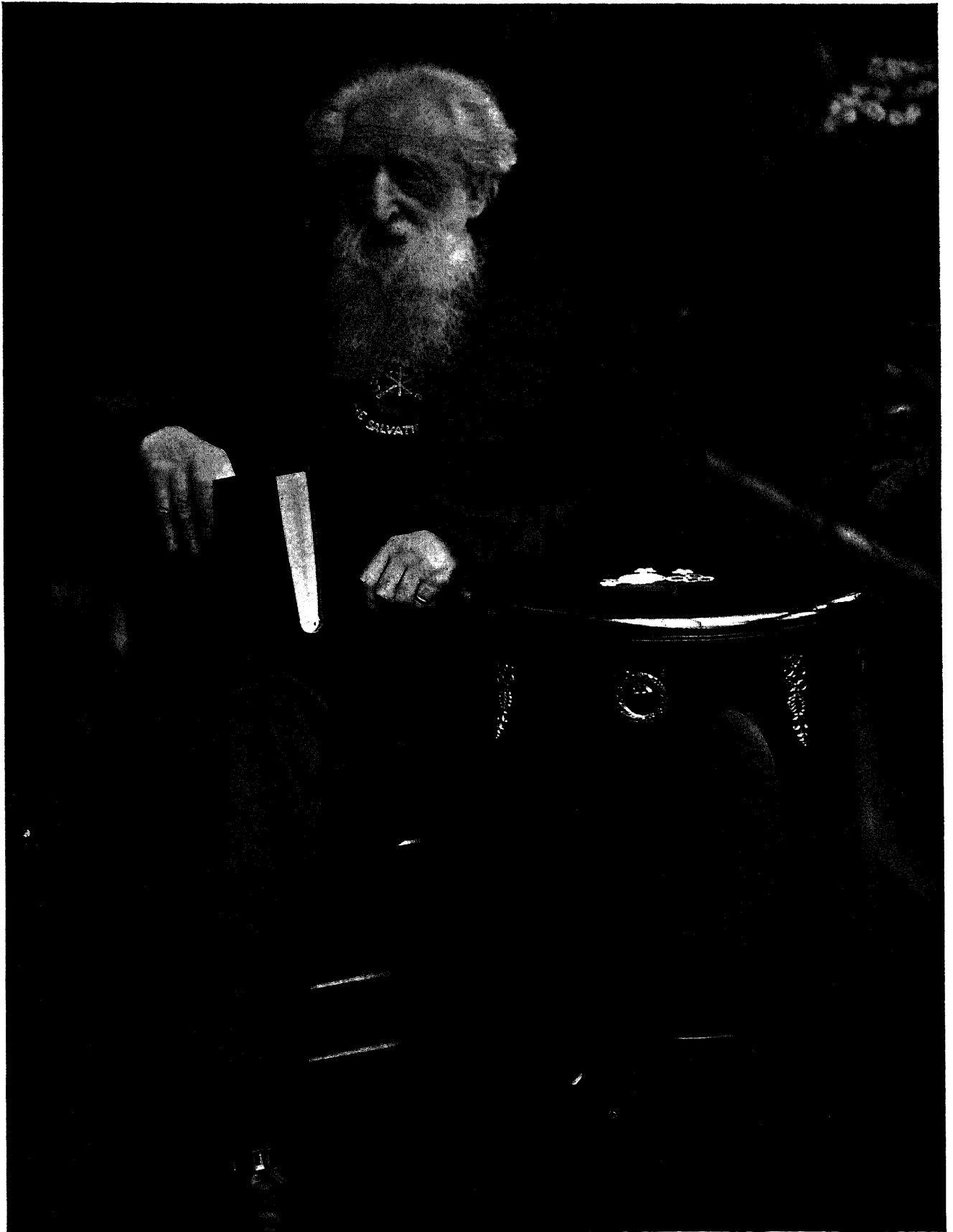
A favorite hymn was announced and taken up by the crowd. A few appropriate verses were read from a pocket Testament; another hymn, dear to all, pealed out, then a fresh, young voice was raised in prayer—for the people of all lands that they might come to know Christ and so live in peace and goodwill; for her beloved land and for her work fellows in the factory.

The meeting concluded and quietly the gathering dispersed to the machines. Later the opinion was expressed that cathedrals had had no better prayer meeting than that conducted in the factory yard. Many, who that day had drawn near to God realized in a new way the simplicity and naturalness of true approach to the Divine, because a slip of a girl had responded as the handmaid of the Lord to a call to the unusual.

No. 3. So reserved and timid is she that the crowds that make big meetings are a terror to her. But in the early days of the war she heard the call to visit our sick and wounded soldiers in hospital. Quietly she essayed to begin this ministry and to-day she is an angel in an Army bonnet to thousands of men of the Forces. Not only to those of her own tongue does she minister, but in a remarkable way the flow of Divine sympathy in her soul has made her able to communicate with lonely and sick men of other tongues.

To men of her own belief or no belief at all, she ministers of the love of God and introduces to them the Word of God which, when re-

(Continued on page 25)



#### HIS MOTTO WAS "OTHERS"

This year commemorates the Diamond Jubilee Year of The Army's beginnings in Canada, and it is appropriate therefore that this rare portrait of General William Booth, taken during one of his memorable visits to the Dominion, should be available to our readers. The photograph was taken by Mr. A. W. Galbraith, of Newtonbrook, in the conservatory at the old Government House in Toronto, the Founder remarking afterwards that it was one of the best portraits of himself ever taken. The negative unfortunately was inadvertently destroyed, but Mr. Galbraith kindly turned over to The Army a highly-prized enlargement.

# THE INNKEEPER'S

"See, see," . . . . cried the aged woman with

★

The Messiah has come!

**A**LARGE apartment at the back of the inn constituted the innkeeper's living quarters, and one afternoon long ago his three daughters were seated in its cool dimness.

Sarah and Rebecca, the two elder girls were seated side by side on low stools, while their fingers were deftly engaged on a piece of handsome embroidery which spread its folds between them. From time to time they looked up to give a caressing smile or encouraging word to their youngest sister, Rachel, who lay on a low divan in a corner of the room.

A glance at the sharply-pointed little face, marked with the lines of cruel suffering, told its own story; Rachel was a cripple. A fall in babyhood had resulted in an injury to the spine, and by now the sorrowing parents realized that the twelve-year-old Rachel would never walk, or join in the childhood play which went on around her. They tried, by their love and affection to compensate her to the utmost of their power, and at this moment Rebecca is speaking to her.

"If you could only see the crowds in the street, Rachel! You would hardly recognize our quiet little village of Bethlehem."

"Indeed, I can hear the noise of the wheels and all the voices from here," replied Rachel. "Did you say it was a numbering of the people?"

"Yes, dear; the Emperor Augustine has ordered a census to be taken."

"I wonder why it is not carried

out in each person's town?" observed Sarah. "Oh, I remember now," she added after a moment's thought. "It is in deference to our Jewish customs. Each person may come to the place of his family's origin to be enrolled."

"Then it is no wonder, dear Rachel, that there is all this crowd, for do not let us forget that our little Bethlehem is the royal city of David the King."

The door opened and an elderly woman appeared, quietly and decently dressed. The girls rose at once, and remained standing till

**By . . . .**

MURIEL L. HOLDEN,  
WINNIPEG

their visitor was seated, as with a word of greeting she took a low stool by the side of Rachel's couch.

"How is it that you are abroad to-day in all this bustle and confusion, Deborah?" asked Rebecca.

"It is indeed a scene of indescribable confusion, my daughter. It becomes worse by the moment, and I would not have ventured forth had it not occurred to me that your parents would be in need of extra hands to aid them."

"We offered to help," said Sarah hastily, "but our mother says that the town is full of Romans who show but little respect for our maidens, and so she has commanded us to remain with Rachel."

"She is quite right," replied Deborah. "But, my daughters, as I came hither I was thinking that if there is all this bustle because of the foreign Emperor's census, what will it be like when our Messiah Himself comes to Bethlehem?"

"Will He really come here, Deborah?"

"Surely He will come. Do you not remember what is written by the prophet Micah? He writes: 'And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall HE come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.'"

"Yes," said Sarah, "I remember that wonderful passage, and I remember also that the prophet

Malachi said the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing in His wings, but when—when? Micah and Malachi have slept with their fathers for five hundred years, and still He has not come!"

Before Deborah could answer Rachel turned with a little sigh upon her couch. "Oh, that He would come!" she said fervently. "For if He shall come with healing, might it not be that He would heal me?"

Even as she spoke the door was violently thrown open, and their mother, the innkeeper's wife, hastily entered, followed by her little servant, Esther. The good woman's face was hot and flushed, and she flung herself on a seat with the barest greeting to her daughters and their guest.

"I am sure I do not know what we shall do!" she cried, snatching up a large palm-leaf fan to cool her hot face. "We cannot begin to cope with the business. More families, more soldiers, and more camels, oxen and asses arrive every minute. Esther, child, don't stand around here; go and see what your master needs further. Deborah, it is kind indeed of you to have come. The inn is filling up so rapidly that we are at our wits' end. What shall we do as the day wears on and more come seeking shelter for the night?"

"What shall we do if the Messiah comes?" said Rachel softly. "Child, what an ideal!" said her mother. "Nevertheless, if He should come I would give Him the best welcome in my power. But, alas. So many hundred years have passed that sometimes I feel that He will never come."

"Oh, never say that!" interrupted Deborah. "He will surely come. Hath not Moses, the man of God, told us that a thousand years in the sight of God are but as yesterday? Never think that He will not come."

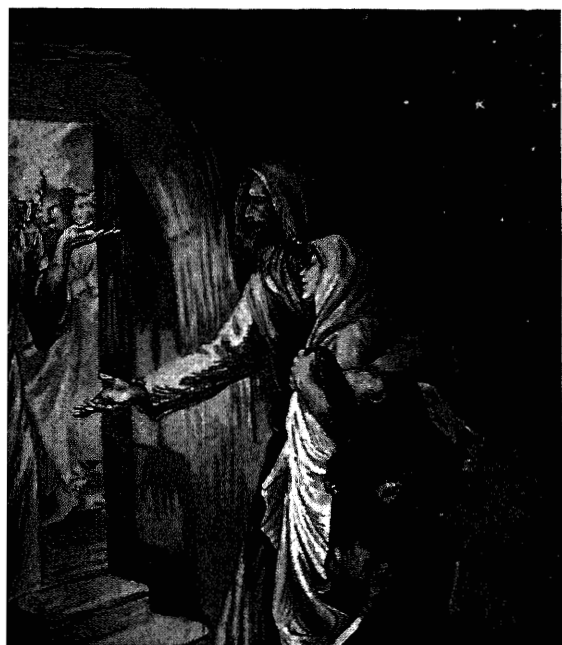
Just as she was speaking the little maid Esther ran back into the room. "Mistress!" she cried, "come quickly! Some noble Roman officers have arrived to supervise the census-taking. My master says there is no place to put them and they are angry. Oh, come quickly!"

The innkeeper's wife rose hastily to her feet. "Well, there is nothing for it then but they must be housed in our own chamber; we shall all of us have to share this one to-night while the Roman officers have ours, if, indeed, we get to bed at all," she added in a grumbling tone as she left the room with Esther.

PAGE TEN

THE WAR CRY

No room  
at the inn





# DAUGHTERS

uplifted arms," the night is breaking!

The Saviour is born!"



Several hours later, in the twilight, Rachel was resting quietly on her couch. The lamp had been lit, and its shaded light rested on the little invalid, and upon her sister Rebecca who was seated beside her. In her sweet low voice, Rebecca was singing one of the old songs of Israel to her little sister. As she finished the song the door was opened quietly and their mother came in, looking tired and exhausted by now.

"In all our experience as innkeepers I never thought anything so terrible as this would happen," she exclaimed. "Rachel, Rebecca, you could never guess what has happened. We have had to shelter a man and woman in one of the recesses of the courtyard!"

"Oh, Mother, how dreadful!" said both her daughters at once. "The enclosure must be so full of animals, too. It must be so crowded and smell so unpleasant!"

"Well, what could I do? We could not turn them out on the high-road. We put down a large bundle of clean straw, and the man said he would hang his cloak over the entrance, so they have at any rate a little shelter."

"May I at least take them something for their comfort, Mother?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes, child, that at least you may do. Take them a large bowl of buttermilk and some bread."

Rebecca hastened on her errand,

## GOD NEVER WILL FORGET

*I HAVE waited through the dark  
And I have seen a Star  
Rise in the darkest sky, repeatedly;  
It has not failed me yet.  
And I have learned God never will  
forget  
To light His lamp. If we but wait  
for it  
IT WILL BE LIT!*

Grace Noll Crowell.

and the mother sat wearily down and closed her eyes. She was so tired that she fell into a light doze, from which the little Rachel was careful not to disturb her. There was a tranquil silence for some little while, but it was suddenly broken by the arrival of Rebecca, who rushed into the room, crying, "Mother! Come at once to the stable! There is a lovely Baby there!"

"What?" simultaneously cried the

innkeeper's wife and Rachel. Without another word the mother and daughter ran out of the room, and Rachel was left alone. Only for a few minutes, however, as her sister Sarah entered the room with Deborah, having met the mother and the excited Rebecca in the forecourt of the inn.

"Sarah, is it true?" cried Rachel as her sister came in.

"Is what true, dear?" said her

Born in a humble stable

sister kindly, "That a darling little Baby is in our stable with His father and mother?"

"Yes, quite true, Rachel, for I have seen them. Mother and Rebecca have made them as comfortable as possible and are back at their work in the inn now."

"But what is the Baby like? What are His father and mother like?" Sarah smiled. "Well, the Baby is like all new-born babies; little and tender and helpless. His mother is young with a very sweet face, and she told me that was her first-born son."

Rachel sighed. "How I wish I could see Him!" Then she added wistfully, "What if He should be the Messiah!"

Her sister and Deborah smiled. "Foolish child! It is true that the Messiah's birthplace will be Bethlehem, but the prophets do not say that His birthplace will be the stable of an inn!"

But Rachel would not be appeased. She begged her sister and Deborah to carry her out to see the new-born child. At first they demurred, saying that the crowds were too great and that she might be frightened or injured, but as the child coaxed them and began to fret, they picked her up carefully in their arms and carried her out to the stable.

For several minutes the room remained empty and silent. Then the innkeeper's wife and her daughter Rebecca entered with small lamps in their hands. Their first glance was towards Rachel's couch, and their excitement was great when they saw she was not there. But Rebecca reassured her mother by telling her that Rachel must be safe since Sarah and Deborah had been with her.

As they discussed the matter in low voices, the door flew open and

a little figure leapt, laughing, singing, and dancing into the room. In their bewilderment they stood rooted to the spot and speechless. Who, who could it be?

The little laughing figure sprang at the innkeeper's wife. "Mother! darling Mother! Don't you know me? It is Rachel!"

But it cannot be Rachel," faltered Sarah. "Rachel is a cripple."

"I am Rachel, but a cripple no no longer, for I have seen the Messiah. I am healed! The Saviour is born!"

The mother sank down upon the couch which once had been the invalid's. Could this sturdy-limbed, fresh-faced little girl be her Rachel? What was this almost incredible story?

Rachel continued her wonderful tale. "Mother, I persuaded Sarah and Deborah to carry me out to the stable to see the Baby. When we got there they laid me down on the straw beside Him and His mother, to rest their arms. I looked at Him and loved Him because he was so small and helpless, and I thought how wonderful it would be if He should be the Messiah. And then I reached out my hand and touched Him, and right at that moment I felt strength flowing all through my limbs, and I sprang up praising God!"

## A Vision of Angels

"Yes, it is true," said Deborah, who had by now entered with Sarah, almost unseen in the joyful confusion. "All happened as the child says, and moreover there are shepherds outside who say that they have seen a vision of angels telling them that the Saviour is born. And see, see," cried the aged woman with uplifted arms, "the night is over and the dawn is breaking! The Messiah has come! The Saviour is born!"

(Continued on page 22)





THE  
COMPASSIONATE  
CHRIST

become stronger with the years. Relapse followed after relapse—until now God's handmaiden had found and befriended her.

#### Taken Out of Herself

Keeping the woman interested in some task or needy person, the visitor was able to take her out of herself, and when she was sorely tempted, the Christian woman prayed her back to strength again.

Then came a day when Mrs. X realized that Christ came to help such as her. Just as Luke had recorded in his story of the crowded synagogue when Christ stood before the people and proclaimed His life's work: "He hath sent Me . . . to preach deliverance to the captives."

Captive? . . . Yes, she was a captive right enough. But here was One who preached deliverance for the captive. Then it wasn't hopeless! With a great longing in her heart, she prayed that this same Christ would release her from her strongly-forged fetters.

It was some time before the as-

THROUGH the drifting fog of her drugged brain, there came to Mrs. X the consciousness of someone's presence. An urgent voice, stirring up the fragments of wandering thought, persistently recalled her to realities. When she

## Strongly-Forged Fetters

A Wife Finds Deliverance from a Soul-Destroying Habit and Passes the Good News on to Her Husband

"came to herself" there stood before her a gentle-faced woman. "Drink this, my dear," she was bidden, and a cup was placed to her lips, from which she began to sip the warm beverage.

Slowly, full comprehension of her condition came to her, and she realized that the friendly little woman was trying in some way to help her. Mrs. X always felt ashamed after these lapses, and the presence of this compassionate Christian woman, aroused within her memories of a time when life was clean and sweet.

Nearly fifteen years had elapsed since first she had taken this way out of a nagging difficulty. It had given a sense of relief at the time, but there had followed the awful misery of an outraged conscience—and a desperate drug-hunger.

The habit eventually bound her helplessly, until it now required some scheming to secure sufficient to satisfy the craving with which she was possessed. There had been efforts to free herself from time to time, but these had ended in failure.

#### Seemingly Hopeless

Much of the difficulty lay in the fact that her husband also was an addict, and to struggle against the desire in the presence of temptation, seemed hopeless. So she had drifted on.

When the war began her husband was called up, and after he left for camp, Mrs. X again made an attempt to assert her will-power and gain victory over the drug. She found, however, that the fetters had

surance that she was free took possession of her, but when it came her first thoughts were to voice her deep gratitude to God and her Christian friend.

#### A White-winged Messenger

News of her deliverance was brought to her husband in a letter, while he was incarcerated in a military prison for using narcotics. A Salvation Army Officer had been his constant visitor, and the Canadian War Cry he left each week had been a source of interest to him. Stories of modern miracles he read therein captivated his imagination, and the tiny gleam of faith within him was stirred to new life as he read and realized that there was a Remedy for him.

#### Good Tidings

Then came his wife's letter. "For eighteen months," she wrote, "God has kept me secure from the evil." That sounded like the real thing!

## All May Come

THE rich, the poor, the  
bond, the free,  
The lame, the halt, the  
blind;  
The young, the old, the dolt,  
the sage,  
All classes of mankind  
May seek the Christ whose  
promise, sure,  
Absolves all souls from  
doubt:  
"And him that cometh to Me,  
I,  
Will in no wise cast out!"  
Ian MacLennan.

## THE ARMY'S GRAND PURPOSE

THE SALVATION ARMY exists to deal with that deeper degradation which has come on all nations alike. It aims at securing the attention of the world on all matters pertaining to social welfare and national righteousness, and believes that the remedy for the ills to which this troubled world is heir to is to be found in the Gospel of Christ.

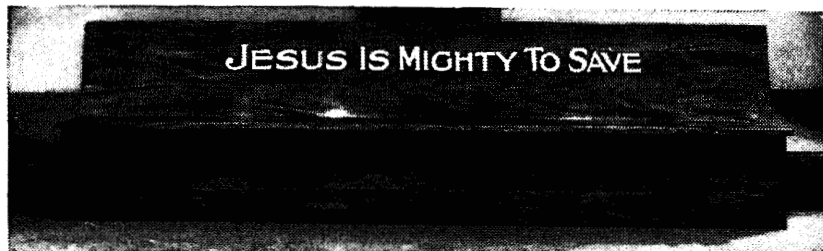
It knows no class, color or creed, but wherever there is want and suffering, necessity and tribulations, the members of The Army are to be found bringing succor, hope and courage to those in despair.

Its operations are not only carried on for the great masses but also amongst the scattered communities and villages. It is also found in every land declaring Salvation and deliverance and reaching forth a brother's hand, whether in drinking or gambling dens, among the lepers, the wretched of the earth or the homeless needy of the great cities.

Private X presented the letter to The Salvation Army Captain to read when he next visited him. "Do you think God could do something for me?" he asked anxiously. He was assured, as the kindly hand of the Salvationist was placed upon his bowed head in prayer, that there was freedom from sin, yes, for him. Even according to the petition-song:

"He can break every fetter,  
He can set you free."

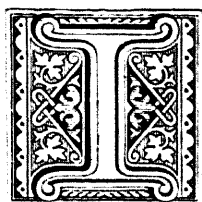
M.B.



The Mercy-Seat, where multitudes of repentant men and women have sought and found a Redeemer who saves "from the uttermost to the uttermost"

# Marching Through The Snow

Salvation Army Christmases of Long Ago



IN THIS, The Army's Diamond Jubilee Year in Canada, a retrospective view of winter village warfare as waged by early-day Salvationists nearly six decades ago, should start some interesting memories in the minds of the veterans, and provide decided inspiration for the "newer" Army.

Be it said, first of all, to the credit of the pioneers that they knew no one season more useful than the others for spreading the Salvation message. Indeed, every season had its own advantages, and these were quickly appropriated by those ardent trail-blazers. So, whether it was June with its soft breezes laden with the perfume of roses, or December with its whirling winds burdened with snow and sleet, they joyfully toiled on.

A Canadian Officer writing to the London War Cry in 1886, pointed out the curious fact that winter, with its intense cold, raging storms and treacherous snowdrifts, was considered the best time for village work. The winter was the farmer's holiday, and the homesteader, glad of an excuse for a ten or twelve-mile sleigh-ride, would drive into the village to see and hear those strange anomalies called Salvationists.

So the team was hitched up, the long sleigh-box was filled with robes and skins, the family climbed in, and over the glittering snow the bob-sleighs would glide, covering mile after mile as the



This etching first appeared in the 1887 issue of the Canadian War Cry, and was an artist's conception of a group of early-day Salvationists belonging to the Barrie Corps, digging themselves out of deep snowdrifts while on their way to conduct a meeting at a neighboring village

air became resonant with the music of jingling bells. Often, those who so journeyed to see and hear the Salvationists, returned with "joy bells ringing in the heart," having found Christ as a Saviour.

In the early 1880's it was not an unusual thing for a load of perhaps thirty or forty Salvationists to start early in the afternoon for a thirty-mile drive to an all-night meeting. All must go—Colors, drums, torches, cymbals, timbrels, triangles, cornets, flutes and fiddles—and with a volley of "Amens" the ride would begin. Salvation songs would be heard for miles, the whole countryside being aroused.

But winter village work was not without its gladdening reward. Often notable trophies were captured. Think, for instance, of that great, burly fellow who for years had been the terror and pest of the village. One night—it was a jubilee meeting—he came to the little Hall intoxicated, and listened; some one was speaking of a dead mother, and he was seen to weep. An Officer spoke to him for a few moments, then, with a rush which upset the Officer, he made for the Penitent-Form, throwing his hat across the room, and tearing off his coat; in his shirt sleeves, none too clean, he knelt and cried with sobs and groans:

"My mother's God! Will You take me in?"

God took him in. And more than that, the villagers were so delighted with his reformed life, that in a few months a subscription was started, a thrashing-machine costing \$1,000 was purchased,

## THE FIRST CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

Four Pages, Including Season's Greetings from the Founder

THE first Christmas War Cry published in Canada — the ninth issue produced in the Territory — was not at all like the special issues we have come to expect in these later years.

Its four large - size pages, printed on ordinary newsprint, and without the modern aids of photographic reproduction or color-work, was devoted mainly to the pursuit of the Salvation War. Its only seasonal flavor was a three - column etching on the first page of the General and Mrs. William Booth, with the line above: "Wishing You a Very Happy Christmas."

Page four told of the "Tremendous Attack on Montreal," and went on to say that "the Chief of Police hurries off our Officers to prison. The Lord sends somebody to bail them out.

They go at it again for Jesus. The mob charges them in the Barracks, breaks seats and windows and ill-treats the Officers. We are expecting thousands of broken hearts soon."

In the same issue "The Latest Outrage" was publicized as blackly as printer's ink could print it. The outrage, it appears, was the imprisonment of Captain "Glory Tom" Calhoun and Lieutenant Gratten, of Lindsay, for eight days because they preached on the street!

So do times — and War Cry Christmas Numbers—change!

and for many years the Hallelujah Thrasher — flying The Army Colors on his machine as it travelled the road—was known as the best, most sober and honorable workman through the Ontario county of Middlesex.

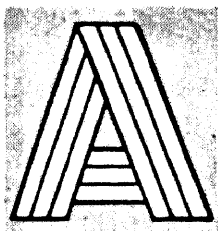
And the favorite song of those winter warriors?

"Soldiers marching through the snow,  
Onward, forward, upward go!"



The Founder, General William Booth, photographed during one of his early visits to Canada, was suitably dressed for winter weather in a fur hat and coat





# PLAN THAT WORKED

*And What is More, It Made the Warren Family's  
Christmas Blessedly Complete*

"**M**OTH-ER! Where are you, mother?" Joyce Rogerson's lilting young voice rang through the pretty, vine-covered house on the outskirts of the town of W—. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day in mid-September.

Outside, the sun shone with almost oppressive warmth. In the lovely, old-fashioned garden, the asters and cosmos blended their pink and white and mauve and rose with the more brilliant hues of zinnias, the deep crimson and vivid scarlet of geranium, the delicate lavender of shamrock, and the exquisite lustrous salmon-pink of a huge "patience" plant. There was a clump of gay, dark-eyed Susans; a bed of fragrant mignonette, and a fat little bush of "old man." A plump robin was having an ecstatic time in the bird-bath, whilst David, the fat house-cat, was curled up in a glossy grey-and-brown-striped ball, in the warmest patch of sunshine on the warm gravel path. David knew that the robin would make a delicious meal—IF he could catch him! But David had had a sad experience in his slightly younger days.

He had chased a robin and injured its wing—and he, in turn, had been chased by half a dozen robins and a blackbird! He had felt the whirr-r of anger-ruffled wings; the snap of sharp beaks had been perilously close to his big amber eyes; and he had indeed been driven from pillar to post, from verandah rail to garden bed; he had even had to follow his mistress across the

road to seek shelter in her nearness. When, finally, his enemies grew tired of chasing him, they had sat on a nearby wire, and told him in the most insulting language, just what they thought of cats in general, and himself in particular. So David was virtuously leaving fat robins alone. He wasn't hungry, anyway!

Down behind the house was the vegetable plot, where, all summer long were an exciting array of goodies, green and golden and yellow and red and white; crisp radishes and cool cucumbers, pungent pearly onions, snapping beans, delicate peas, cobs of luscious corn, vitamin-filled globes of glowing red flesh and energizing juice; and now there were pumpkins warming their fat sides in the sunshine; citron, gleaming vividly green amidst the surrounding brightness; bulbous cabbages, and lettuce; whilst deep, covered trenches held succulent celery that was turning from green to creamy yellow, to white; slowly preparing to supply delicate deliciousness combined with downright good health! It was a love of a garden, and a love of a house. Joyce's fifteen-year-old heart gave a joyous bound as she looked about her, revelling, as she never failed to do, in the joy and glory and beauty of it all. A murmured "Thank you, Lord!" welled up from her inmost being; for Joyce could recall a vastly different home; vastly different days!

## Ran Down the Path

But where was mother? Joyce was just going to call once more, when her ears caught the swift flutter of many wings, the little pleased excited clucks of hens at meal-time; and she ran down the back path to the henry. She helped to fill the drinking troughs, then took the basket of white and brown and speckled eggs, and linked her arm in her mother's as they walked back to the house. The eggs put carefully away, and her hands washed, Joyce started to tell her the news.

"Oh, mother! We have the most delightful plan—we Corps Cadets—for this coming Christmas!" Girlish laughter rippled as she said: "Doesn't it sound funny talking about Christmas in September? But time does go so swiftly, and you know how



busy we always are in the Corps? It's like this, mother; there's a new family just moved into that delapidated old house on C— Street. There are eight children, the eldest only about fourteen; the baby is a tiny mite with a wizened wee face—just like a little old man—and he's only a few months old. The mother is such a frail, tired little woman; the father is in jail for six months; he got into some sort of trouble while he was drunk. Oh, mother!" and Joyce's soft brown eyes filled with tears, and so did mother's eyes, as she clasped her young daughter close—for there were memories in the heart of each.

## A Co-operative Scheme

"Last night," continued Joyce, "Adjutant was talking to Treasurer about them; and later, Molly heard her dad telling her mum. So she told us girls at school this morning, and this afternoon at recess, and when we were walking home together we made some plans that we HOPE to be able to carry through.

Of course, Adjutant and Mrs. Godfrey will do all they can, but there will be lots of little things we can do for their Christmas. There's six of us girls, and four boys; that makes one for each member of the family. We thought we girls could work together; and the boys can help a bit, financially, and in other ways as we need as we go along. What do you think, mother?" "I think it will be perfectly splendid; and dad and I will help out as we can." Joyce gave her mother a strangle-hug then bustled about in busy preparation for supper.

The six o'clock whistle sounded down at the big foundry and Joyce said, "Dad and the boys will soon

*(Continued on page 22)*

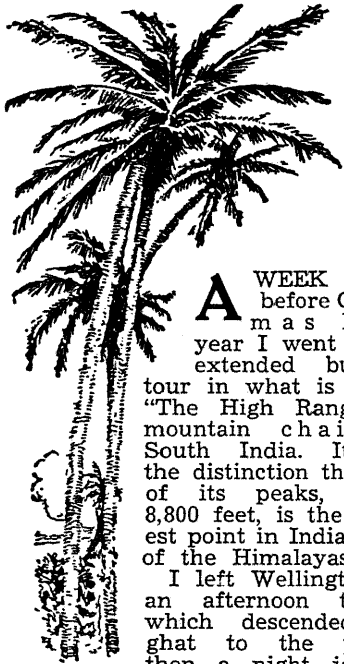
BY ANGEL LANE

THE WAR CRY

Winter Fun



# YULETIDE IN INDIA



A Page from the Diary of a  
Former Canadian Officer,  
Major T. H. Burr

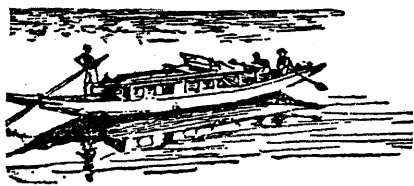
A WEEK or so before Christmas a s l a s t year I went on an extended business tour in what is called "The High Range," a mountain chain in South India. It has the distinction that one of its peaks, about 8,800 feet, is the highest point in India south of the Himalayas.

I left Wellington by an afternoon train which descended the ghat to the plains; then a night journey brought me to Koratti next morning, where Adjutant Murray met me and took me to the Cochin State Leper Colony, of which he is manager. Later, he brought me some miles on my way in his car; then crossing a wide river by ferry, I was met by our Headquarters' car, the driver of which kindly took charge of me.

We passed through a variety of scenery, rice fields, groves of plantains and of graceful coconut palms. About noon we had reached a rubber plantation of some 1,300 acres, where I was cordially received at the manager's spacious bungalow.

All around was a forest of trees regimented in regular lines, and near the base of each tree, was a slanting incision, and a kind of cup attached into which the precious sap falls. To the milky-looking liquid some acid is added, which turns it into a kind of curds and separates the water. Afterwards, it is rolled out into sheets and smoked and dried like kippers.

In the afternoon a long drive took me to another rubber plantation where I had a comfortable billet for the night. After breakfast next morning we had a long run up to Munaar in the High Range. The town of Munaar owes its existence to a large number of tea estates in the surrounding hills, the whole being under the control of an English Company, which was supplying tea



to the Minister of Food in Britain to the extent of several million pounds per annum. The manager of the company's central store kindly received me, and even mapped out a program for me so that I might visit every state in the district.

Next day I went through a valley to a village called Jagalthala. I was alone, but found a young man willing to translate for me. The people are all Hindus of the Baduga caste and there are two or three temples around the village. A friendly crowd gathered, and I told them the Christmas Story illustrated with pictures. They asked me to come again when they are having a big festival.

In the afternoon I went to the military hospital, taking along some copies of The War Cry as usual. I wondered whether these were acceptable, but after talking with two of the patients, one said, "I have been waiting for you to come and bring the papers," and the other informed me that the sergeant had taken away The War Cry I had brought the week before. It had an excellent frontispiece of Mary and the Baby Jesus, and he wished to have it tattooed on his back!

\* \* \*

Up on the hill where we live we spent a quiet Christmas morning. There was a Christmas tree, the top off a fir tree on the estate, and there were gifts for each of us. Afterwards we went to a parade service at the Garrison Church, the soldiers, with band accompanying, making a smart turn-out. It was good to hear such a big congregation singing the sweet old carols. At night we went by invitation to the Soldiers' Home, where there was a big

(Continued on page 19)



A Maiden of India

# In God's Guardian Care

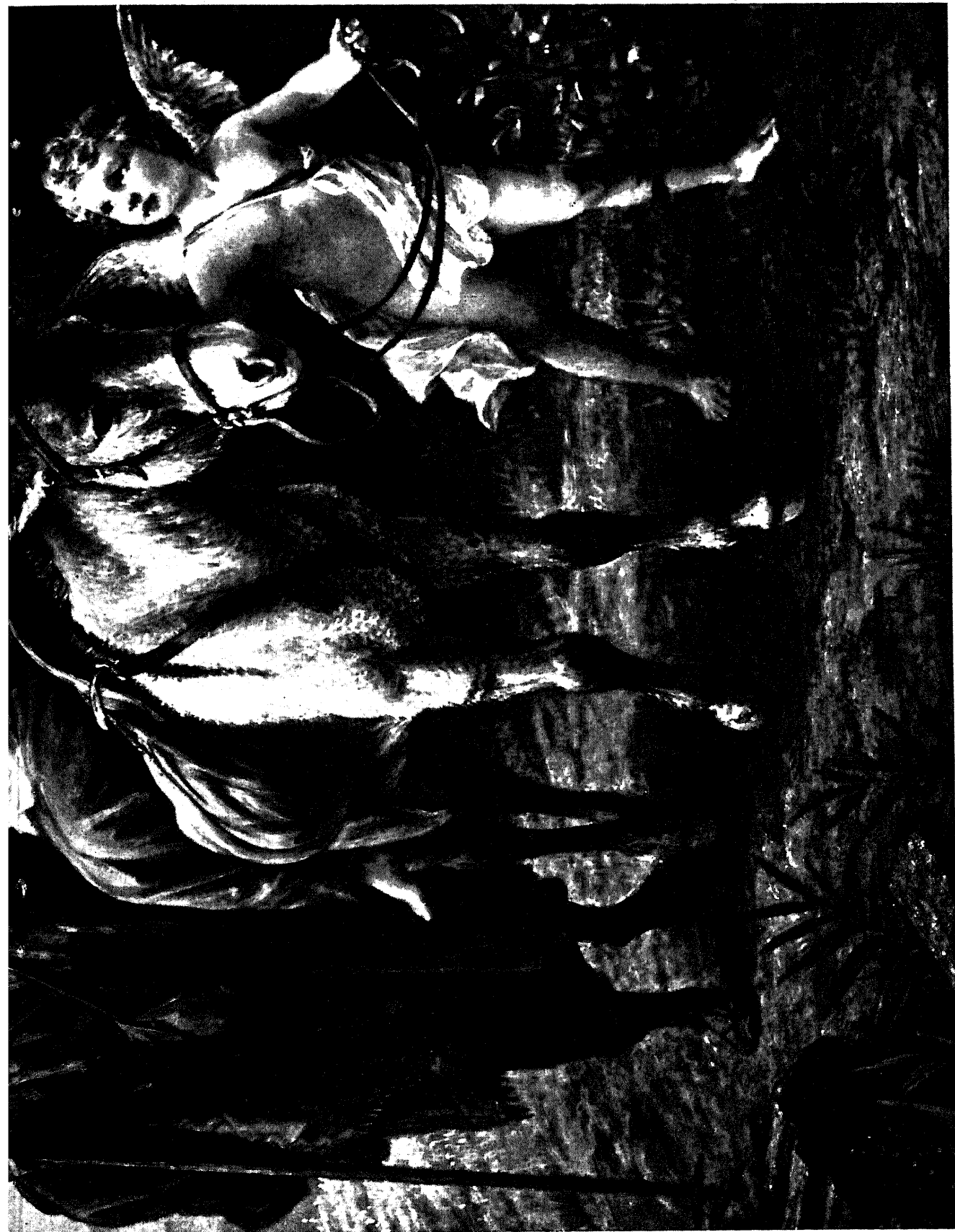






THE WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

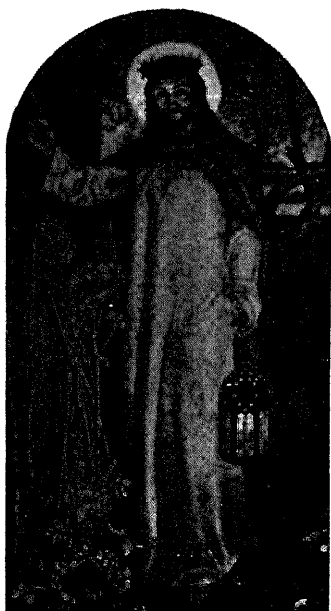


[Gramstorff Bros.]

### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

[Painting by Ploekhorst]

“AND being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth unto Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt” (Matthew 2:12, 13).



[Painting by Holman Hunt  
AMAZING CONDESCENSION:  
The Kingly Stranger seeks admittance at the door of every heart

# THE LOWLINESS

preached God's love to them and healed them and forgave them. He even spoke words of mercy to the lowest woman of the people, fully forgiving her who was about to be stoned for her vileness.

He preached only the Gospel of love and redemption, proclaiming that all might experience the forgiveness of sin and inherit life everlasting as the result of His coming.

And yet the religionists of the time turned the people against Jesus by false witnessing, eventually inciting the rulers to crucify this King of kings—like an ordinary malefactor, between two thieves.

But, unlike all the other kings of all history, His kingdom of love did not end there. It still lives. His reign is from everlasting to everlasting.

The world is again being torn asunder by bloodthirsty rulers whose greed for power and pelf is accompanied by the ruthless slaughter of God's people. Over these countless dead they march to conquest. But, like their evil ancestry,

rulers of men's destinies we cannot help but wonder just how long God will allow them to ply their nefarious trade in the blood of men.

FROM time immemorial kings of the earth have claimed "royal rights," have been proud that the blood in their veins was "royal blood." The right of succession to the throne was a "royal right," by virtue of their birth into a "royal family"—this notwithstanding the fact that the path to the throne was often strewn with the dead who had been sacrificed to satisfy the cruel ambition of one ruler to wipe out another and make his subjects slaves. The parched grounds of battlefields were drenched with the blood of others born of parents whose "royalty" was fully equal by birth to that of the pretenders to royal lineage.

"Royalty" then came largely by might of arms. Kings were elevated by murder and pillage, fire and sword. And down through the ages those who have taken the sword have perished by the sword, their kingdoms have been destroyed,

**J**ESUS of Nazareth, born at Bethlehem, was of the direct lineage of David, a King chosen by God to rule over His people. He was the only King whose royal blood flowed from the Most High, far back in a straight line, His ancestry ran to Adam, the first son of God.

Jesus was born, not in a palace, but in an empty stall in a Bethlehem stable. He was attended, not by physicians to royalty, nor by a royal court or ladies-in-waiting, but by the angels of God. His first cradle was not of fabulous richness, but of the straw in a stable manger. This royal family supreme was surrounded by the beasts of the field and the horses of the Roman rulers. The first to adore Him were rough shepherds from the hills. As they watched their flocks by night they had been told of His birth by the angels.

Then came the flight into Egypt to save the young King's life; later on, the return to Nazareth and the simple home life of preparation and study and work, where He grew to upright manhood.

This lowly King boasted not of His royalty; nor did His humble mother, who, also of the seed of David, had been raised from infancy a virgin fit to be the handmaiden of God in the birth of the King of kings.

**H**ERE, then, is true royalty, kingship supreme. Here, too, is the lowliness of a royalty that knows no shame or deceit; a lowliness of love that seeketh not its own; is not puffed up.

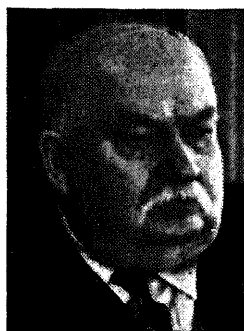
When this King of kings started on His mission to win the people to the Kingdom of God, He went first to the poor and the despised, the "untouchables" of His day; and He

Jesus was the only King with Royal blood  
the world has ever known, yet He was  
born, not in a palace but in an empty  
« stall in a Bethlehem stable »

they will go over the abyss into oblivion.

Mock royalty's arrogance must cause a stench in the nostrils of the Creator of the Universe! As we contemplate the audacity of those who have set themselves up as the

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



MODERN  
MIRACLE

A former editor of the New York Tribune. Henry F. Milans fell from this responsible position through strong liquor and became an outcast from society.

Converted in an Army meeting, he has written trenchant articles for The War Cry for many years.

their brutal sway ended, their bones left to white, their deeds forgotten.

Little remains to-day, however, of this sort of "royalty." Men have grown wiser; the common man's horizon has been enlarged and broadened. The extravagant presumption and display, the gorgeous luxury and the profligate waste of the feudal overlords who set themselves up as "royalty" have just about disappeared into the limbo of forgotten things.

The members of "royal families," who once loved to parade for their faithful "subjects"—as if they were something exalted above mere human beings and their frailties; as though they did not possess many of our worst sins and habits—are gone. And for this we are thankful!

One of the "rights of kings" that was jealously guarded during the old order of things was for rulers to be maintained in luxurious idleness and regal splendor. These sometimes undeserving ones demanded exaltation, and looked upon the common people as "untouchables."

# OF ROYALTY

A profligate king who was driven from his throne by an outraged and woefully wronged people fled to another country. There he had the effrontery and conceit to expect people of good breeding to accept him cordially—simply because he was of "royal blood"!

**B**UT what a difference there is in the conduct and character of our King of kings when compared with these weak mortals of so-called "royal blood." Our royal King, born this day in Bethlehem, is to conquer this sinful world with love—a love that still stoops to seek out the despised and the wretchedly wicked. He walks in our ways of life only that a lost people might look and live. He sees in the worst of sinners only a brother to be raised to newness of life.

**H**E walks among the outcast, the lepers, the blind, the sick of body and soul, and lays His healing hand on them. He restores hope and courage to the hopeless, and dispenses life abundant to the "whosoever will." His is the lowliness of true royalty!

He chooses the paths that take

Him over the common streets of the village and the dusty roads of the country. He ministers to the common crowd. He expects neither tribute nor homage. He is the servant of His people.

Why should He stoop to touch the lame and put His fingers on the eyes of the blind? Why should He become homeless when other members of earth's royalty live in wealth and rule in splendor? Why should the Son of God be led to the wilderness to be tempted? Why should He know hunger and pain and misunderstanding?

There is only one reason: so that He could be not only the Son of God but the Son of Man; so that He could understand man's daily living, his temptations and weaknesses, his trials and triumphs—so that He could, through His example, point the way to life everlasting.

Born this day is your King, my King, the world's King—the only King with royal blood the world has

By

**HENRY F.  
MILANS**

ever known—Jesus of Nazareth—and yet as lowly as the beggars He healed.

How do mere humans dare to presume upon their greatness when they must stand in the presence of such infinity of greatness? To be a lowly royalist, like Him, we, too, must be every man's brother.

Glory and honor, dominion and power to our King of kings and Lord of lords—the Prince of Peace!

## YULETIDE IN INDIA

(Continued from page 15)

crowd and a special dinner provided. There were games and community singing afterwards. When we returned home about ten, my wife turned on the radio, and we heard London broadcasting little personal messages to soldier-lads in the Middle East and other parts—wives, mothers and other relatives speaking to individual soldiers far away from home. I have heard of one or two instances where such messages were actually listened to by the boys for whom they were intended.

### "Thank You So Much!"

On the Sunday evening following we conducted a short service with "the boys." It was held in their reading and games room; and when we arrived some were sitting by the fire, some reading, and two or three playing ping-pong. But a song-service had been announced, and most of them joined in. My wife and I sang a duet; I taught them a chorus, "He came right down to me," and gave a short talk. Before we closed the bearer came in with tea and cake for them all, and after one or two more request songs, we closed with the Benediction. For some time there had been no Sunday service, and I was rather in fear and trembling how it would take on, but some at least, appreciated it, and I felt rewarded when one of the lads in passing us on his way out said a grateful "Thank you so much!"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

"Born Thy people  
to deliver,  
Born a Child and  
yet a King"







Looking over the rooftops of modern Bethlehem

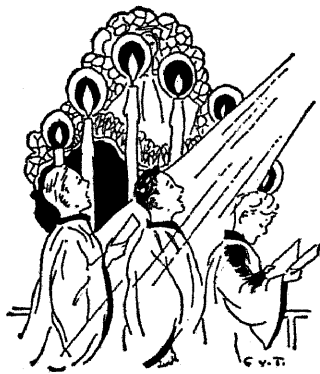
“LET us go even unto Bethlehem,” has been the cry of all Christendom since the first Christmas night, now two thousand years ago, when, spurned by worldly pride, but welcomed by angels, stars, sweet fragrance and human love, the Word was made flesh in Bethlehem. It is still the cry to-day, and ever will be till man has learned the lesson of goodwill and mutual understanding.

Quite apart, then, from the season of the year, it is only natural that our thoughts should turn to Bethlehem and all that it means. One wonders what the city of the Saviour's birth is like, and how they celebrate the event as the anniversary draws nigh.

#### Small But Picturesque

With its white stone buildings, flat roofs and church spires, built upon the slopes of the Judean hills, and nestling amid olive groves and vineyards, Bethlehem is quite a picturesque little town. Over ninety per cent. of its inhabitants are Christian, and a very fine type of people they are. Indeed, Bethlehem

is one of the least changed cities of the Holy Land. As the wife of a prominent official in Jerusalem once remarked to me, “The town of Bethlehem is the only place in Palestine mentioned in the Holy Scriptures



which has not disappointed me.”

Naturally, it is the scene at Christmas time of social festivals, indeed, Christmas is a long business at Bethlehem, lasting a month. This is because some of the Eastern churches use a different calendar to what we do, hence their Christmas falls on a different date. Let us note first those festivities that usher in our own Christmas, namely, the so-called Latin Christmas.

#### Oldest of the Churches

On Christmas Eve there is a special service in the church of St. Catherine. This adjoins the great rambling edifice known as the Church of the Nativity. Bethlehem's principal attraction. It is undoubtedly the oldest of all Christian Churches, portions of the great building dating back to the Fourth Century. It is built over the grotto or manger which tradition has long accepted as the birthplace of the Saviour. Three different sects worship in this great building—Greeks, Armenians, and Latins—and as they each follow different calendars their Christmas falls on different dates.

On our own Christmas Eve there is not only the special service in St. Catherine's Church conducted by the Latins, or Catholics, but the delightful and charming Nonconformist services held in the open in the Shepherd's Field. The latter is about an hour's walk from Bethlehem.

#### Where Ruth Gleaned

On the way one passes through a small cultivated plain, known as the Field of Boaz, where Ruth is said to have gleaned and where she met her future husband. In the centre of the Shepherd's Field is a grotto, or cave, marked by a little stone chapel. This is where the shepherds are said to have watched their flocks

# COME YE A VISIT TO A

BY  
HAROLD J.  
SHEPSTONE  
F.R.G.S.

on that memorable night when angelic heralds brought them tidings of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

On Christmas Eve various Protestant religious bodies repair with their members and friends to the Shepherd's Field and hold a service there. They are ever-to-be-remembered gatherings. Hymns are sung, prayers are said, Scriptures read, and a homely address given by the leader of the particular band.

#### Held in the Field

These services were started many years ago, and have now become an important feature of Bethlehem's Christmas celebrations. One Christmas Eve several services were conducted in the field, and all told, they were attended by between two and three thousand people, mostly young men and women, from Jerusalem and nearby centres.

ON Christmas Day itself a procession is formed in the market-place at Bethlehem which marches to the Church of the Nativity, led by the Latin Patriarch. The service, which is a very lengthy one, consists in the recital, chanting, and reading of every portion of the Scriptures that has any reference to the birth of Christ. It is an elaborate service, with beautiful singing, though to the casual visitor the building is inclined to get hot and stuffy, the continual burn-

## HOSPITALITY

(An Old Gaelic Rune)

I SAW a stranger yestreen;  
I put food in the eating place,  
Drink in the drinking place,  
Music in the listening place;  
And, in the sacred name of the Triune,  
He blessed myself and my house,  
My cattle and my dear ones.  
And the lark said in her song  
Often, often, often  
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise;  
Often, often, often  
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

ing of incense filling the place with anything but pleasant fumes. The ceremony is brought to a close by the laying of a beautiful wax doll in

# TO BETHLEHEM"

## SACRED TRYSTING-PLACE

a gilded wicker basket in the grotto beneath.

Thirteen days later come the Greek Christmas ceremonies. There are the same processions and the same lengthy service. In the Greek ceremonies, however, there is no

services in the great church itself, and the more homely ones in the open fields outside, one cannot visit Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Saviour of men, without feeling that it proclaims the message of peace and good-will among men.



The Magi hastened toward the "little town of Bethlehem" on their ungainly steeds

May its message continue to ring through the ages to come until all

### THE ABC OF SALVATION

**A**LL have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

(Romans 3:23.)

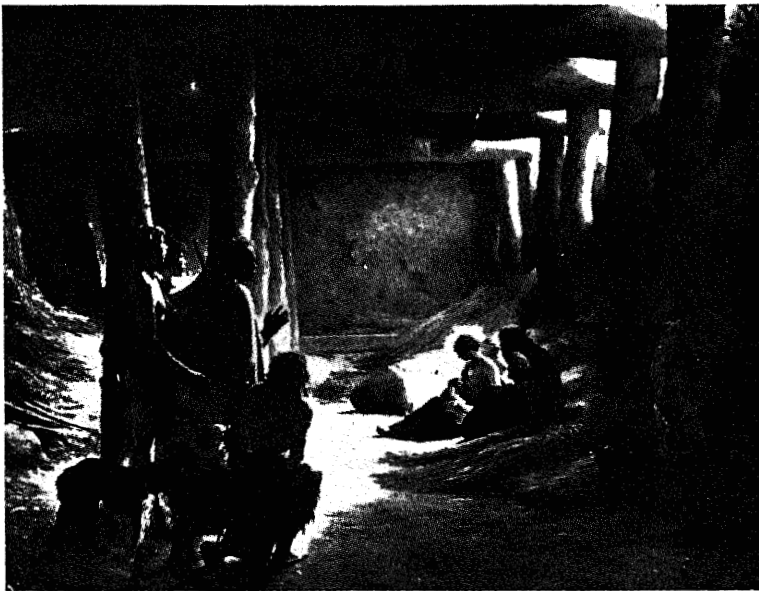
**B**EHOLD the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

(John 1:29.)

**C**OME unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

(Matthew 11:28.)

peoples are brought under its healing and unifying influence.



"The shepherds came to the manger, and gazed on the Holy Child"

wax doll. The Armenian Christmas service, which comes thirteen days later again, is perhaps the most extraordinary. During a part of it the worshippers gather round a massive cauldron, from which they extract savory morsels of meat and bowls of broth, which they eagerly consume. It may be mentioned that the Armenians fast for several days before they celebrate the birth of Christ.

Whatever may be our personal opinion respecting these elaborate

### IN HUMBLE HEARTS

**W**E should never despise the lowliest of things, the most menial task, for along that obscure way the Kingdom comes. Men have always found God in unexpected places, but the grandest place He ever has been found is in a human life: that life back in the centuries when the mystery hidden through the generations was made known, and Jesus, Son of God, revealed God to us. Every true Christian is an incarnation of Christ—Christ in us, the hope of glory!



[American Colony photograph] Modern visitors to Palestine also look with reverent awe upon sacred places

# A PLAN THAT WORKED

(Continued from page 14)

be along. Why not go down the block a bit and meet them, mother? I can manage now." And giving her mother a little hug and a kiss Joyce gently pushed her out through the screen door and hooked it. A moment of laughing hesitation and Mrs. Rogerson walked slowly down the quiet, tree-lined street. How lovely it was, this country town that had been for the past two years her home. The heart sang songs of joy as she went. A bend in the road and there were her men-folk. Frederick Rogerson was book-keeper and assistant clerk in the town's largest grocery store.

Seventeen-year-old Keith was a photographer's assistant, whilst Fred, Jr.—who was hoping soon to don an airman's uniform—was salesman in a shoe-store. There were laughing greetings, then the gay little group wended their way supper-wards; Joyce receiving loving, if brief kisses, ere the general "wash-up"—then the gathering around the well-stocked, attractively serviced table, a word of thanks to a bountiful Father, and the meal was enjoyed—amidst happy laughter and tales of the day's doings. Joyce's "plan" was received with approval and offers of help from all three, for they all considered her "some girl!"

## Gorgeous Panoramas

The days sped swiftly by. Autumn frosts laid seige to the garden, but brought new beauties to the landscape as gorgeous panoramas of loveliness of hue and sheen appeared. Then came the snow, and great was the delight of all the young folk of the town, for the snow made Christmas so much more real, even if it was some weeks distant.

Joyce and her Corps Cadet chums were "up to their eyes" in work of one sort or another. Time had to be pretty well scheduled to get all of each day's duties fitted in. Molly Andrews, the Corps Treasurer's fifteen-year-old only child; Madeline Godfrey, the Officer's eldest; Cora Davies, and Madge Devine, Sara Mary Lee, and her handsome older brother, Tony; Bruce and Burke—the Turner twins—and Keith and Joyce herself, were certainly a busy band of workers!

All sorts of little money-raising schemes were tried, and they haunted attics and ransacked closets and trunks. One day Molly found "a perfectly gorgeous" dark red velvet dress. "Mother wore it to parties before she joined The Army; and it's simply yards around. It will make adorable frocks for Sue and Sally; and at least two 'best' overalls for small Bill, who is certainly as handsome as a four-year-old could be." Madge brought a soft blue cashmere dress, and Cora a rose wool one; whilst Sara Mary had no fewer than three "real good" navy tunics that would make

charming kilted skirts to be worn with jerseys—the latter to be paid for by the older boys.

Discarded toys were unearthed, and gay-hued paints with stray dabs of glue, or a few nails, worked wonders. An old wooden bassinette was given a new "spring" (made of a double layer of screening); the whole painted a pretty pale blue, with rose and yellow flower-stencils to add the finishing touch; and the baby would have a cosy wee bed. An old couch-mattress was cut to size (by the boys) neatly covered and tufted; soft flannelette sheets and some wee pillow-slips were made, with the promise of a warm woollie blanket or two to be donated by the parents later on.

Three perfectly lovely dollies were completely outfitted for the small girls, and a rag doll and a rejuvenated Teddy-bear were ready for the baby, together with a pretty rattle and a washable teething-ring. Some outgrown skates were cleaned and sharpened, and warm felt in-soles tucked in the boots, together with new, bright-colored laces. Now at one home, now at another, the young folk worked like slaves.

Christmas odors began to be more and more noticeable around the homes of W—. Mincemeat was made in crocksful; fat fruit-cakes were put away to ripen; bottles and jars of ultra-delectable goodness were cellophane-wrapped and ribbon-bedecked. Apple barrels were raided for their choicest treasures; balls of pink and white popcorn were prepared; and on all sides was happy hustle and bustle. Our young comrades had to practise for their own "big do"; there were stacks of beautifully-illustrated War Crys to dispose of; there was serenading; there were trees to get and to trim; their own gifts to prepare; and the final exciting days of the school-term. Altogether, life was pretty strenuous, but oh, so grand and glorious!

Christmas week came at last! Every copy of the special number was sold—their own treat was to be held after the great day—all that remained for our busy bees was the final gathering, and the giving of their gifts. It was decided—with the aid of the Officers—to have a Corps Cadet party in the Junior Hall. There would be, of course, a tree! and one of the local truck-drivers offered to deliver all the "stuff"—children and all—to the Warren home afterwards. The entire family were to be invited to the party.

## Talking Things Over

Joyce and her mother were kneeling in the cosy living-room, "talking things over" with God! Joyce's heart—despite all the joy of expectancy—was saddened by one thought. The Warren family would be incomplete! If only . . . Joyce hated to say anything that would wound her mother's heart, but she

could not help remembering other Christmases. Mrs. Rogerson's thoughts were in the same channel.

Suddenly, with suppressed sobs, they turned and clasped each other close; and just then the door opened softly, and Frederick Rogerson came in. Seeing their emotion and sensing the reason, he crossed the room, and kneeling, put an arm about each—and thus, in memory, they went back to other days, when they, too, had been in dire distress because of his drinking habits.

Presently he said, "Let's thank Him again, shall we—in our hearts—for all His great goodness to us in sending The Salvation Army to our aid, as He is now enabling us to bring it to the help of someone else!" A few moments elapsed—then he raised them gently to their feet; then kissing each very tenderly, he said: "Now let us dry our tears and be glad. God has answered the many prayers that I know you have offered on behalf of George Warren. The Adjutant got him paroled to-day—and he is now back with his family with a job to go to. So we shall have a united family at the party, after all!"

## A Veritable Fairyland

Came the night. Since the morrow would be Christmas Eve, the serenaders had a respite, so the young folk could have their fun without any feeling of duty neglected. The boys had decorated the Young People's Hall while the girls did the tree and the supper tables; and, to the Warren children it was a veritable fairyland to which they had been transplanted.

Such a time as they all had! The The scrumptious "eats"; the pretty dishes; the flowers and decorations, all added to their excitement and delight; and when the lights were turned off some curtains drawn apart, and the tree in all its glittering splendor was revealed, their cup of bliss was full to overflowing!

## The Innkeeper's Daughters

(Continued from page 11)

A solemn hush fell upon the little assembly. It was broken by the childish treble of Rachel herself, who said in a grave voice, "That Scripture you were reading to me has come true, sister Sarah. It said 'Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees . . . your God will come and save you . . . then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.'"

"Yes, child," said Deborah. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men!"

In the solemn silence that followed the sun burst above the horizon, lighting up with its beams the roomful of humble worshippers as well as the still more humble stable where the Lord of Glory lay sleeping on the straw.

# CHRISTMAS FUN

## CHICKEN FOOD

This is a good running-about game to make all shyness disappear. For it you need a good number of colored counters, and these are scattered all over the house (all doors of rooms to be used are left open, all others kept shut). Divide the children into as many teams as there are colors — usually red, blue, green and yellow — and tie a piece of colored ribbon or thread round the arm of each child in its team color. The object of the game is for each team to gather up the most counters in its own color in a given time. They must not pick up a counter not of their own color or they will lose a point for their side.

## SNAIL RACE

This game will cause great amusement. It is best run off in heats, dividing the children according to ages. For each child in a heat you will need two ordinary egg cups and a ping-pong ball. The children lie on their tummies on the floor in a straight line with the two egg cups, one in front of the other and the ping-pong ball in the cup nearer the child.

On the word "go" they blow the ball from the back cup into the front cup. Then the back cup is moved in front and so on till they reach the finishing line. If the ball blows out of the cups on to the floor it may be picked up and replaced in the back cup. This is a certain way of causing uproarious laughter.

## FOR TINIES ONLY

A "dress-yourself" race is easy to explain to the tinies and very sweet to watch. Put their little shoes, their gloves and their coats all together in a heap. The children then have to find their belong-

ings and put them on. As a variation each tiny can have an older child as a partner; when they have sorted out their things they take them to their partners who may help them to dress.

## SPIN THE PLATE UP-TO-DATE

This is always a great favorite, but it may be brought up-to-date by each child calling himself after a different kind of plane.

The children sit round in a circle. One is called a Spitfire, another a Hurricane, another a Wellington, etc. Spin the plate in the centre of the circle (an old round tin one, with a nice clattery noise is best) and call out the names in turn. The Spitfire or whoever it may be, rushes to the centre to seize the plate before it falls. There is great competition to be the fastest plane.

## CHOPSTICKS

For this you will need some dried beans and a packet of wooden sticks from the fifteen cent store. Each child is given two sticks and a little mountain of beans and a saucer. The beans must be picked up one by one with the "chopsticks" and put in the saucer.

The beans can be well washed afterwards and used for cooking as usual, or peanuts in the shell may be substituted.

## CAN YOU ACT?

Divide the children into two teams and sit each team in a separate corner of the room. Provide yourself with a list of things to act as "eating a bun," "getting on to a bus," "shutting a door," "feeding the chickens," and so on. One member of each team is given the same thing to act and the others have to guess what they are doing. As soon as they have guessed, the next member of the team is given the next thing to act. The team who finishes first wins.

Children of all ages want to be kept busy, so plan to see that no game goes on for more than about ten minutes.



## GAMES and SUGGESTIONS for MOTHERS and TEACHERS

Whatever happens or has happened, make up your mind that the children shall have a Christmas party this year, the same as other years.

There may be no green fir Christmas tree, no lavish paper festoons, and you may only be able to afford one box of crackers, but in spite of these drawbacks, determine that all shall be as gay as ever.

## A "SURPRISE" TO MAKE

The "surprise" you may plan for the children is a home-made Christmas tree that you can make from articles around the house.

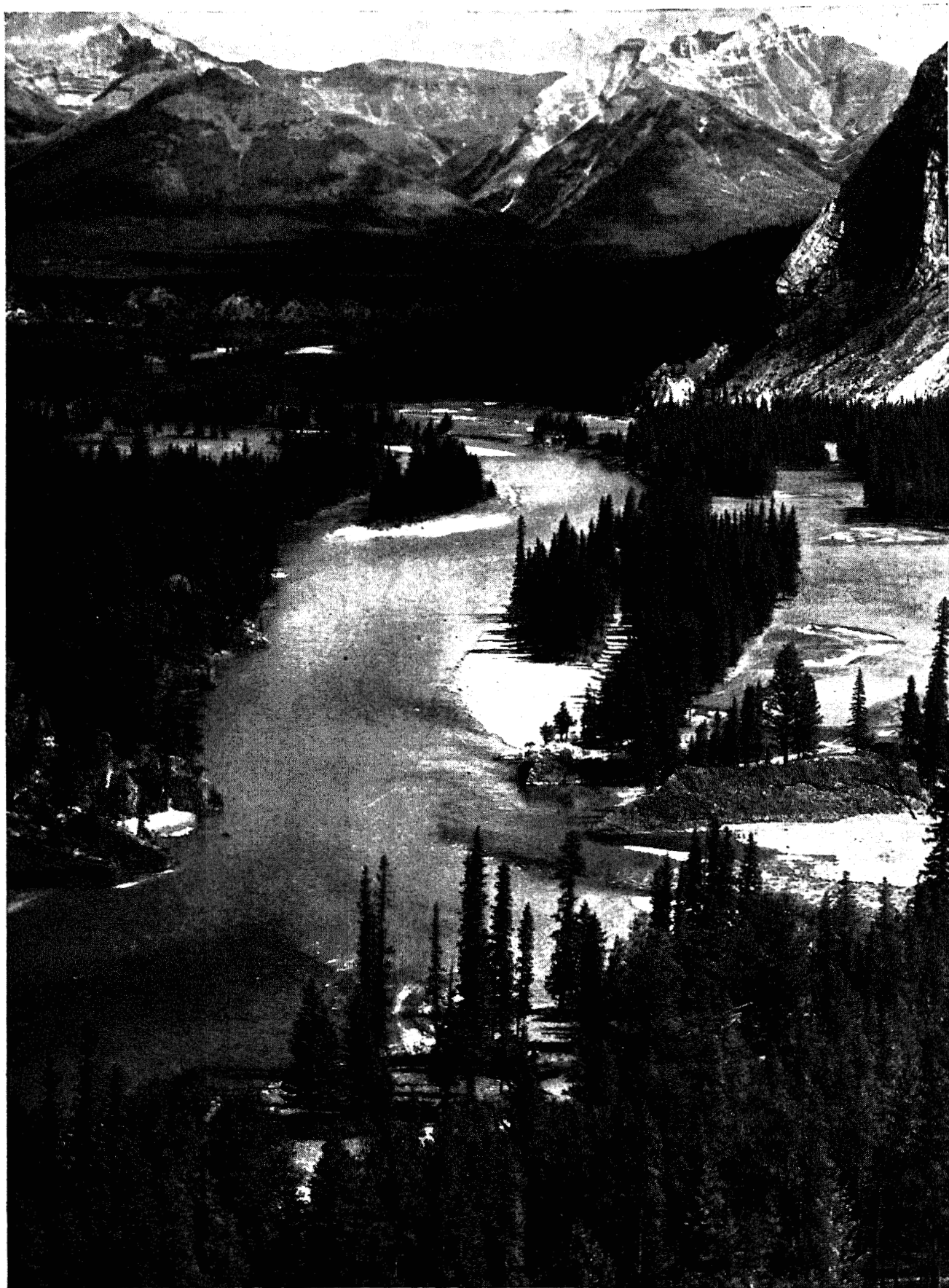
It is made of a broom handle planted firmly in a flower pot with plaster and a toy hoop attached with colored string to the top of the pole. It glitters with candles and tinsel (saved from last year) and silver paper stars and on it hang a few crackers and a tiny gift for each child.

## NOVEL CLEAN-UP PLAN

Party food usually makes very sticky hands, but sending the sticky ones to wash may destroy the party spirit and lead to arguments, so at the party overcome this by playing "follow-my-leader" game from the dining-room to the washroom. Lead the way yourself and let one of the other grown-ups bring up the rear to be sure that there are no stragglers. Go in and out and around with hands held out in front. If any one touches anything before they get to the washroom they have to go to the end of the line. It's great fun, and when all are washed, the children often want to play it all over again.

A selection of other games to play are shown opposite.





[Canadian Pacific Railways photo

BOW RIVER, ALTA., ONE OF CANADA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENES

## DON'T LEAVE HIM OUT

**D**UT Christ into Christmas,  
In every good way,  
Remembering 'twas Jesus  
Who gave us this Day,  
A day for rejoicing,  
All others above;  
While Christians are voicing  
Their feelings of love.  
There cannot be "Christmas"  
Where Christ is left out;  
The peace that He gives us,  
Within and without,  
No angels to sing of  
"Good will unto men,"  
No thought of Divine love,  
No light to shine in!  
Put Christ into Christmas,  
In gifts on the tree;  
He'll seal all the presents  
With "Done unto Me."  
He'll add to the pleasure  
Direct from His store,  
A love without measure,  
A peace to endure.  
Put Christ into Christmas,  
So happy and real,  
The Spirit He gives us,  
Our neighbors shall feel,  
Not just for December,  
But all the year through;  
And oh, friend, remember  
What Christ means to you!  
Saskatoon      Albert E. Elliott.

## SERVING HUMANITY

Some of the Ways in Which The  
Salvation Army Is Doing It

**FOR THE HOMELESS:** Hostels and Shelters. Free distribution of meals.

**FOR THE AGED:** Eventide Homes. Visitation of Shut-ins.

**FOR THE UNEMPLOYED:** Labor Bureaux and Registration Offices.

**FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN:** Fresh-Air Camps. Distribution of nourishing meals.

**FOR MISSING RELATIVES AND FRIENDS:** Research and investigation bureaux. Counsel given by experienced Officers.

**FOR UNFORTUNATE GIRLS AND WOMEN:** Rescue and Receiving Homes.

**FOR PRISONERS:** Police and Prison Gate Officers. Prison services and interviews.

**FOR THE SICK:** Hospitals and Clinics.

**FOR SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN:** Red Shield Centres. Mobile Canteens. Hostess Houses.

**FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE:** Numerous Sunday and week-night activities. Corps Cadet Brigade. Training Classes. Youth Groups. Life-Saving Units. Children's Homes. Nurseries and Pre-natal Clinics.

**FOR THE CHURCHLESS:** Outdoor meetings. Spiritual campaigns. Visitation of Homes. Radio Broadcasts.

**FOR THE INSTITUTIONS:** League of Mercy activities and programs.

**FOR THE HOMEMAKERS:** The Home League. Varied activities.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# LIFT CHRIST UP : AS PRINCE OF PEACE

A Message from  
THE CHIEF SECRETARY

**C**HRISTMAS, usually the season of happiness and good will, dawns again on a world rocked by strife and hatred. Fountains of sorrow are opening in all the nations, and everywhere homes and hearths are made desolate. Surely Christ, who wept over Jerusalem, weeps again as He beholds a bleeding world for which He died.

Truly in all the centuries which have passed since His advent, there has never been a time when mankind needed Him more than now. Oh, that the sinful, selfish world would forsake its folly, and repent and turn to Him!

We who love Christ and serve Him must lift Him up as the Prince of Peace, the Comfort of the broken-hearted, the Hope of the depressed, the Healer of all nations. We must lift Him up as the Saviour of the lost, the one mediator between God and man.

May God hasten the day of His glorious Kingdom on earth—when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Habakkuk 2:14) and "the nations . . . shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-

## THE STAR HAD DISAPPEARED

**T**RADITION tells of an old man who was at work in his house when the Wise Men of the East, led by the Star, passed on their way to seek the infant Saviour.

"Come with us," they said, "We are going to find the Christ so long looked for by men."

"Not now," he replied, "I am not ready to go now. But by and by I will follow on and find Him with you."

But when his work was done, the Wise Men had gone, and the Star in the heavens which went before them had disappeared, and he never found his way to the Saviour.

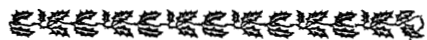
Alas! the same sad story could be told of thousands, who, like Felix, have said: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call thee." But to many such the convenient season never came. *Seek the Saviour now!*



Colonel G. W. Peacock

inghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4) and—

*People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their young hosannas to His name.*



## CALLED TO THE UNUSUAL

(Continued from page 8)  
leased, ever does its own work.  
Where does the strength for such arduous work come to a frail body? He who has made the body says to

*You may help to*

## MAKE MUSIC IN MANY HEARTS

by considering the needs of the unfortunate. Will you not make a provision in your will for a contribution to, or an endowment of, the work of The Salvation Army, which is legally competent to accept all bequests and devices made for its benefit?

Friends or their solicitors are invited to write to The Army's Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., for further information.

**DO IT NOW!**

those whom He sends on His service, "Fear not, I will help thee." In that strength Salvation Army women of many lands, called to the unusual, are ministering in the name of Jesus.

As the Lord whose eyes behold our ways, rest upon such service, let us be sure that He does not miss any reader of these words. May we each share in His smile and His benediction, "Ye did it unto Me."

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Captain Arnold Brown

he saw a Salvation Army girl standing beside her iron tripod, and ringing a brace of bells whose tinkling notes seemed soon pressed to earth by the fast-dropping woolly flakes of snow. She shouted something about, "... always others worse off. Help us to help them. Make somebody's Christmas happier!"

Before Peter realized it, he had done it! Perhaps it was a throwback to habits of more prosperous days, or it might have been ... Actually, Peter didn't know. It was just an impulse, an unaccountable surge of sympathy for all others in the same miserable plight as himself, that prompted Peter to give his one and only, his last ten-cent piece. The only thing in which he was rich was poverty, and out of his poverty he had given all his riches. The Army girl thanked him, and watched him disappear into the snow and the night.

Hours later, when Peter reached home, he walked round the block twice, with a trembling hope that Martha had put the children to bed. His long absence had probably aroused expectations; Martha would expect to see him laden with packages and bundles, and here he was without even a bag of candy for the children. Surely Janie and Billy would be in bed by now. He couldn't bear to see them to-night, especially Janie whose queer little limp always turned his heart to water.

He went to the door and walked in.

No! it couldn't be the right house ... must be some mistake ... laughter ... hilarious shouting ... Mother hurrah-ing. But it was the right house! There was Janie, her spindly arms encircling a flaxen-haired doll with big brown eyes.

PETER'S case was not singular. During the early "frustrated '30's" his poverty was paralleled by multitudes whose sun of prosperity had been swallowed up, an interminable time before, it seemed, in the black clouds of economic collapse.

A man, with no other responsibilities than those involving himself, can bear a lot of depression—as weighty as it generally is on the human spirit. But when those gloomy, distressful clouds of economic collapse envelope a home wherein are wife and children—one a permanent cripple—it is almost too much for one man to bear, and it is not to be wondered at that his heart cries out first in pain, and then in protest. Such was Peter Bracken's dismal experience as Christmas, one day away, and once a festival of family jubilation, drew swiftly near.

Suddenly, Peter could stand it no longer.

"I'm going out," he said with shaky resolution, "and I'll not be back until I can give those children some sort of a Christmas Day!"

His wife heard the house door bang, and she sat down at the kitchen table, head in hands, to cry away, once again, the hurt that was in her breast. Janie, the cripple, with considerable difficulty, hobbled over and put her face against her mother's hair.

Man! it was cold. The soles of Peter's shoes could claim only brown-paper thickness, and his coat was a covering in name only. Pretty

soon, he thought, he would have to take refuge in one of the big departmental stores and warm up. He had tramped for hours, and his desperation was the only flare of warmth in his cold, very cold body. The hours and the miles had been profitless. His one reward had been a ten-cent piece handed to him by a portly woman, swathed in furs, whose fallen handbag he had gallantly retrieved.

Within the store, the sight of so many counters—miles of them—laden with food and gifts and toys

caused the pain in his heart to smart. Here was the plentitude of wildest dreams: at home there was the emptiness of reality. It was nearly six o'clock now. He must soon go home, if for no other reason than that he was gnawingly hungry. "Relief" food was scant and its quality was dubious, but it was food.

He passed through the revolving doors out to the street, his mind absorbed in his failure to "strike oil." It was still cold, and snow was falling heavily. Following the sidewalk, and making for the street corner, he passed two windows crammed with extravagant displays. It seemed as though the big store was having its final, taunting, mercenary thrust at his already wounded spirit. He paused, and as he did,

There was Martha expertly hefting a goose, and Billy tearing the wrappings from a Build-a-Bridge game. The table looked like the departmental-store counter he had seen this afternoon: hills of golden oranges and hummocks of shiny red apples; lines of packages—tea, coffee, sugar, jelly-powders—end to end like dominoes in a game; cliffs of toys and surprise stockings and candy; and a neatly-printed card that Martha had just noticed. There was a pause in the gaiety as Martha read it aloud:

*"From those kind friends who wanted to make Christmas Day happy for some one, and gave generously to The Salvation Army's Christmas Cheer Fund. We wish you not only a Merry*  
(Continued on page 30)

## RECIPROCITY

Helping Others, Peter Bracken Helped Himself



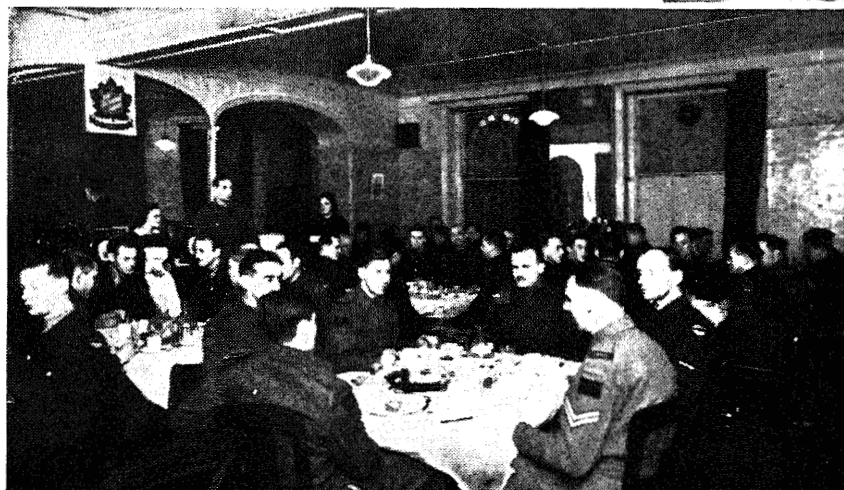
# CHRISTMAS

## with the TROOPS

**C**ROWDED stores and throngs of people; a noticeable absence of little children; heavy traffic and taxi cars on their ceaseless journeys; the grim earnestness on the faces of people everywhere; the familiar khaki, air-force blue, and the ever-present "lively lads in navy blue"; the uniformed women of the various and growing regimentations. All of these gave color to old London at Christmas—the old city, where for centuries Christmas bells have rung out their cheerful messages; this centre of religious truth, where from vary-

BY  
BRIGADIER T. H.  
MUNDY  
Canadian  
Overseas  
Services

YULETIDE  
AS USUAL  
Decorating  
a Christmas  
tree in one of  
London's rail-  
way air-raid  
shelters



HUNDREDS OF SERVICEMEN from the Land of the Maple had their Christmas dinner at the Red Shield Club, Southampton Row, London—served Canadian style

ing pulpits the story of the cradled Babe has been told.

London! Is there any place on earth just like it? It was here that famous Charles Dickens wrote his stories read throughout the inhabited world, and where the epic story of Scrooge and the spirit of Christmas was enacted. Right here the stage was set and the actors, long since at rest, lived, moved and had their being.

It was gratifying to know that as far as the Canadian troops were concerned, the Auxiliary Welfare workers had made ample provision for a Christmas, which at least would be as happy as circumstances permitted. At the Canadian Red Shield Club the large attractive dining-hall was tastefully decorated, and while the good folk were preparing the tables for the crowd of two hundred men from

Canada, the High Commissioner for Canada (Hon. Vincent Massey) and his wife dropped in on an unannounced and unofficial visit "just to see what you are doing for the Canadian boys away from home this Christmas." The visitors deeply appreciated what they saw and went away assured that all possible was being done.

Later I had the opportunity of witnessing a pleasing sight, when more than five hundred men sat down to a turkey dinner; and what was most charming, to see the military officers carving the turkeys and waiting upon the men. The decorations, musical program and all that went with the event, was the responsibility of the Red Shield Supervisor. The Commanding Officer—a Colonel—made a cheery speech and warmly thanked The Salvation Army for what it had done during the year.

Well over forty thousand presents were supplied to the troops for which Red Shield Officers were responsible. Carol singing was arranged at the Red Shield Club, and a group of Officers broke the silence of Christmas morning by singing the familiar refrains. The men greatly appreciated this homelike touch. The Club itself was beautifully decorated, and gave the impression  
(Continued on page 28)



SCOTS-CANADIAN SERVICEMEN stir the echoes with the sound of the pibroch during an entertainment given by The Army to British refugee children



## » The Tabernacle Of God Is With Men «

(Continued from page 5)

times with a touch of that awe known to the king, who, in the fiery furnace he had made for the Hebrew lads, saw a Fourth walking like unto the Son of God. Such admissions and confessions struggle through the great mass of caution, fear and unbelief, but like light, they cannot be quenched. They are backed up by the witness of people who have sought and therefore known God's presence in such a degree that it produced peace and triumph when material resources of a lifetime were torn away in a moment.

¶ IF WE ask how this great truth can be made real in our lives, we find the answer near where the glory is first revealed. "If ye walk in My statutes" ran the word to the people of Israel through Moses on Sinai (Leviticus 26), "and keep My commandments and do them . . . I will set My tabernacle among you." When the angels sang to the Bethlehem shepherds the same theme was on their praising tongues, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, among men of good will."

God with us—if we will have Him; light for us—if we will open our eyes.

If we will not, then there is no other word; only darkness and weakness, confusion and eternal loss.

It is the failure of men, not the reluctance of God which has destroyed the fellowship he intended.

The Genesis story speaks of Him walking in the Garden of Eden, looking for the crown of His creation. Communion between God and man is there clearly intended. But after the act of disobedience His created beings fled His presence; even so, though compelled to take notice of their sin, God did not cast them off and turn to other worlds. He began "to seek and to save that which was lost." Never has there been an age without its men after God's own heart—men who could walk with Him. And the promise is unchanged. It finds inspiration in the desire of God, which, in its triumph, will see all men acknowledging that the Tabernacle of God is with men, and God dwells with them.

¶ ONCE THE heart is opened up to this precious reality in all its aspects, life is changed, and beauty comes into every day. Clouds are seen as the dust of His feet. The gates are lifted up, the everlasting doors are opened, and the King of Glory comes in.

A Salvationist-serviceman told how during manoeu-

vres, in an hour of great temptation, he was passing through a newly-made ditch. There he saw a bunch of celandines blooming amid the mud. They spoke to his heart, and helped to save his soul.

*"The angels keep their ancient places;  
Turn but a stone and start a wing."*

There comes a truer understanding of life's obligations. If God truly be in my head and in my understanding, then I know and accept my part in His plan, my share in His unending toil.

If I feel that His Tabernacle is set in the midst. I see its shadow over the poor, so that they become His poor; and if His poor, then my poor, to be loved and aided. I see that the sinful are not far away from His dwelling, and must be brought near to Him. Nothing is secular; all is sacred, all must be sanctified.

¶ THE TABERNACLE was a movable tent made of goat's skin. It was carried hither and thither in the wilderness and the promised land. It went with the people as a symbol of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

He moves His tent to march with us to-day. This thought has its special significance to the generation which has been called up, registered and posted, and ordered out of normal walks of life by the million in almost every land.

We cannot be ordered out of His presence; His Tabernacle is still amongst us. Though I take the wings of the morning or dark wings of night, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, lo Thou art there!

With His dwelling-place nigh, our fretting and hasty judging are checked. Just as the cool repose of an ancient church checks our fevered rebellions, so the sense of His Presence stills our restless and uncertain hearts. "We can be calm and free from care on any shore, since God is there." There was a yesterday and there will be a to-morrow. Keep quiet! Look wider! His Tabernacle is with men.

¶ THERE IS, above all, triumph in the text, "God Himself shall be with them, and be their God," and, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

That is no mere wishful thinking, no escape from reality, but the facing of reality, and seeing through to the ultimate end; and in the darkest hour we believe that in the light of it Christmas becomes the season of new hope for us all.

of a real Canadian Christmas, apart from the absence of snow. Holly, mistletoe, laurel and streamers, and the well-lighted and decorated Christmas tree made the place look very much like home.

At special tables, some two hundred Canadian troops sat down to a dinner, as one lad said "fit for a millionaire." Balloons and crackers, nuts and raisins, candies and Canadian apples, were all supplied, and all in a war-stricken country!

Old London will ever be associated with the playing of the barrel-organ; in the next street a man, unable to be in active military service might be heard playing a saxophone and another a banjo. The organ-grinder receives his quota of change from the generous-hearted

### CHRISTMAS WITH THE TROOPS

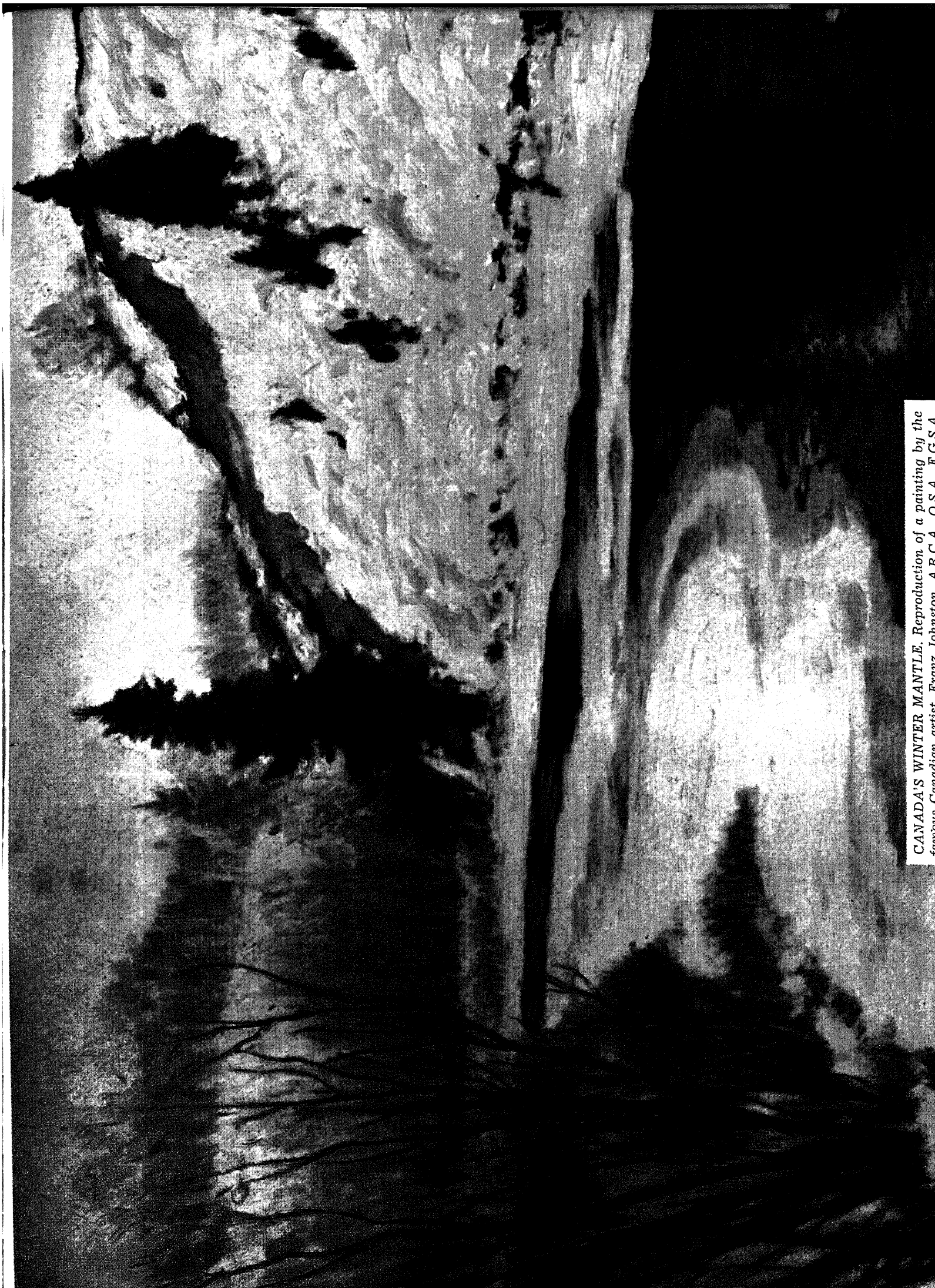
(Continued from page 27)

Canadians outside the Red Shield Club, and he moves off to be replaced by the saxophonist and banjo players—a third man with one leg acts as the secretary-treasurer, and the musicians are well rewarded for passing that way.

Buses roll past, taxis dive in and out of the slower traffic, and in the distance one could still hear the old barrel-organ playing the Doxology. However odd it seemed coming from such an instrument, yet where better could this be played than on the streets of London? True, death and destruction have been its portion, and of late years Christmas has not been quite what it was in the years gone by.

But still from the heart of old London are heard songs of joy and gaiety. The crowded church congregations still sing carols; Christmas trees all well-lighted may be seen; groups of folk still wander home singing along their darkened way the songs of Christmas they learned in their youth, when the streets of old London were bright and happier.

Wonderful spirit of London Town! Challenging spirit of Christmas! Unbeatable spirit of Britain! Not even a ruthless war can break it down. And so, with a just pride, we of the Canadian Salvation Army think of the past and look into the future with our faith in God unimpaired, and in the righteousness and final triumph of our cause.



CANADA'S WINTER MANTLE. Reproduction of a painting by the  
famous Canadian artist Franz Johnston A.R.C.A. O.S.A. F.G.S.A.

## BLACK PRINCE RETURNS

(Continued from page 7)

creature, and had more than once stroked its silken mane and well-groomed coat.

"I am sure I don't know what can be done about it, but there's one thing I always do, especially when in trouble, and that is to pray. I am going to pray believingly that your horse will come home safely. Come, cheer up, dear, we will take this matter to the Lord in prayer." Her aunt nodded and her heart echoed a fervent "Amen!"

AT that moment the door opened, and old Dan'l the Trapper entered. He had overheard the Adjutant's last words, and somewhat of a grin spread over his grizzled features. "Waal now," he drawled, "that may be all fine and pretty. You kin do exactly what you like about the critter, but it won't make the least bit o' difference. What I'm going ter do is to start off on the beast's trail, and if I don't come back with him afore Christmas Day, well, I'll give up and go and live in the city." Daniel was a real good-hearted fellow when it came to doing anyone a good turn and, like most of the hardy settlers, was prepared to go to any amount of trouble and sacrifice if necessary to obtain his object.

### A Help in Trouble

"Very well," agreed the Adjutant with a nod, "you will do well to make your search, but we women as we can do but little else, will pray about it, and the Lord has promised to be a help in the day of trouble." Shortly after which, having accepted an invitation to spend part of Christmas Day with the Kareys, the visitors departed.

During the next few days snow fell heavily, and again blanketed the country. Dan'l had set out on snowshoes and with a supply of provisions in his pack. He was no tyro at his job, and few of the settlers knew the lay of the land—or its dangers—as well as he. More-

over, a friendly Indian chieftain, Deerfoot, who frequently traded with the Kareys, volunteered his experienced services. So the two searched wide stretches of the timber country together and for long periods. But their efforts went unrewarded by even a remote glimpse of the missing animal.

CHRISTMAS DAY—the Day of the Angels' Song and the Day of the Saviour's birth—was celebrated as heartily in the lonely Northern settlement as in the largest and most modern city on the continent. The Adjutant and her aunt strapped on their snow-shoes and, warmly clad, made their way across the frozen lake to the Kareys. Before ever they reached the cabin, however, they became aware of much excitement in and around the place. Presently, on espying the visitors, Mrs. Karey rushed out into the snow, her face ashine with joy and gratitude.

### The Wanderer Comes Home

"Whatever do you think has happened?" and she almost danced in her excitement. "Our Black Prince has come home! Just as I was preparing the dinner I hears a scraping at the window, and if there wasn't that blessed old animal rubbing his nose agin the glass, as large as life. I just grabbed some apple-cuttings from the pie I was making and rushed out and fed the dear. And wept over him as well."

"Thank the Lord," exclaimed the delighted Adjutant and her companion in one voice. "We felt somehow that prayer would be answered!"

IT was a happy group that sat around the long board table for Christmas dinner that day. Joy and thankfulness simply overflowed. As the Adjutant said "Grace" and the feast was about to begin, a sound was heard outside and the door swung open. It was old Dan'l and the Indian chief.

"Tell us now how in all the wide world did that critter come back here," ejaculated the trapper in great surprise. But Mrs. Karey interrupted him with a flourish of her hand—"Come in you rascals and admit defeat," she chuckled. "What you couldn't and didn't do, the good Lord and these ladies did. Now, not another word until you have fed your hungry insides." Silent and crestfallen and with a look of wonder on his face that was worth seeing, the old trapper obeyed.

"It was the Great Spirit," said Chief Deerfoot reverently, as he quietly took his place beside his companion. And, doubtless, in his heart of hearts, Dan'l agreed. Like many another of the worldly-wise, be their occupations in lonely backwoods or amid the noise and clamor of a busy city, he would be profited by an understanding of the great truth expressed so beautifully in the lines of the grand old hymn:

PAGE THIRTY

THE CAROLERS.—Soap sculpture photograph by Cory Taylor

## Cometh :: the Dawn

(Continued from page 3)

est night, the True Light, which may have become partially obscured by the mists of war and by suspicion and evil, will surely shine again.

### Eternal Forces

Truth and right, purity, mercy and justice, the things of the spirit, are still mighty and will prevail. In to the memories and meanings of Christmas converge all the first aspirations of men through the ages. The Golden Rule is the only rule that does not destroy itself. There will be Christmases still, when this time of chaos will only be a bad memory, and "people will see a world more fit to have Christmases."

WE look for the dawn of a new and better day and out of the murk of this hour say with the poet:

*Beyond the war-clouds and  
the reddened ways,  
I see the promise of the coming  
days!  
I see His Sun arise, new  
charged with grace  
Earth's tears to dry and all her  
woes efface.  
Christ lives! Christ loves!  
Christ rules!  
No more shall Might  
Though leagued with all the  
forces of the night  
Ride over Right. No more shall  
wrong  
The world's gross agonies pro-  
long,  
Who waits His time shall surely  
see  
The triumph of His constancy.  
When, without let, or bar, or  
stay,  
The coming of His perfect day  
Shall sweep the Powers of  
Night away—  
And Faith, replumed for nobler  
flight,  
And Hope, aglow with radiance  
bright,  
And Love, in loveliness be-  
dight  
SHALL GREET THE MORN-  
ING LIGHT!"*

## Reciprocity

(Continued from page 26)

Christmas, but also the blessing of Him whose birthday is annually commemorated on December 25th."

Peter remembered his dime. He couldn't help it. In this generous hamper it had returned a thousand-fold. A lump rose in his throat, and he knew that soon he would be crying like a child. Conveniently, he discovered that he had work to do at that moment in the woodshed.

*If our faith were but more simple  
We would take Him at His  
word,  
And our lives would be all sun-  
shine  
In the favor of the Lord.*

THE WAR CRY





# "DAWN OF REDEEMING GRACE"

## A Selection of Seasonal Carols

**THE SONG AND THE STAR**  
**T**HERE'S a song in the air!  
 There's a star in the sky!  
 There's a mother's deep prayer,  
 And a baby's low cry;  
 And the star rains its fire  
 While the beautiful sing,  
 For the manger of Bethlehem  
 Cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy  
 O'er the wonderful birth;  
 For the virgin's sweet boy  
 Is the Lord of the Earth.  
 Aye, the star rains its fire,  
 And the beautiful sing,  
 For the manger of Bethlehem  
 Cradles a King.

In the light of that star  
 Lie the ages impearled:  
 And that song from afar  
 Has swept over the world.  
 Every heart is aflame,  
 And the beautiful sing,  
 In the homes of the nations that  
 Jesus is King.

**SILENT NIGHT**  
**S**ILENT night, holy night,  
 All is calm, all is bright;  
 Round yon Virgin Mother and Child

**OVER THE GLISTENING SNOW**  
 Transportation in the distant North-land

Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
 Sleep in Heavenly peace,

Silent night, holy night,  
 Shepherds pray at the sight;  
 Glories stream from heaven afar  
 Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia  
 Christ the Saviour is born,

Silent night, holy night,  
 God on high, love's pure light;  
 Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
 Jesus Lord at Thy birth,

**HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING**  
**H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King,  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled;  
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,

With th' angelic  
 host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in  
 Bethlehem.

**Chorus**  
 Hark! the herald  
 angels sing,  
 Glory to the  
 new-born King.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Mild he lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth!  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings  
 Light and life to all he brings;  
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace.

### THE FIRST NOEL

**T**HE first Noel the angel did say,  
 Was to certain poor shepherds in  
 fields, as they lay;  
 In fields where they lay keeping their  
 sheep,  
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

**Chorus**  
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
 Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,  
 Shining in the east beyond them far;  
 And to the earth it gave great light,  
 And so it continued both day and night.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,  
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
 And there it did both stop and stay,  
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in the wise men three,  
 Full rev'rently upon their knee,  
 And offered there in His presence,  
 Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

### TREASURES OF GRACE

**H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour  
 comes,  
 The Saviour promised long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And, with the treasures of His grace,  
 To enrich the humble poor.

### WONDRIOUS GIFT

**O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie!  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by:  
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
 The everlasting Light;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years  
 Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given!  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven.  
 No ear may hear His coming;  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him, still  
 The dear Christ enters in.

PAGE THIRTY-ONE